

The New REPUBLIC

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WEEKS must elapse before the costs and gains of the greatest battle in history can be reckoned up. By a tremendous concentration of men and guns the Germans have been able to force the British lines to give way over a wide front. But no inferences as to the ultimate outcome can be drawn from this fact. Last summer the British and French were in a position to achieve similar results by the same methods. They did not count the gains from such an operation worth the costs. The Germans are paying a terrific price for every foot of ground they are taking. From present indications, it does not appear that they are achieving commensurate results. They have displaced the British line, but they have not broken it, and in the nature of the case, with each additional kilometre of advance the Germans will find it increasingly difficult to supply themselves with the vast quantities of munitions and to move up the innumerable big guns upon which their success depends, while the resisting power of the British will be increased as they are pressed back. The history of offensives on the western front is one of dis-

appointments. Not one of them has yielded the results that had confidently been predicted. So long as the morale of the defensive remains unshaken, the offensive is bound sooner or later to exhaust itself with its efforts. And the British morale was never better than today.

GERMAN military leaders are bold gamblers, but there must have been powerful political pressure upon them when they decided upon so desperate a venture as a general offensive on the western front. If the battle ends in defeat, or even in a draw, they have placed Germany in a position in which she can hardly hope for a favorable peace. Allied morale will have been greatly stiffened by this final proof of the impotence of Germany to force a military decision. There was a chance that in the course of the summer and autumn the Allies might have inclined to a weary peace, but this chance will have disappeared. The German armies will have nothing before them but the prospect of holding their barren acquisitions of French territory until the accumulating weight of Allied manpower is more than they can sustain. What can have impelled the German government to so risky an enterprise? One possible explanation lies in the internal situation of Germany itself. The German population is war weary, perhaps more war weary than either the British or the French. The stimulus of Russian victories was bound to exhaust itself as soon as public opinion had become clear as to the fact that Russian conquests must be regarded as provisional unless they can be validated by a general victory. If the collapse of Russia had resulted in a satisfactory solution of the food problem, the German government might have counted on this tangible evidence of success to keep up the spirits of the people. But there is little food to be had from Russia, and the means of transporting this little are wanting. Therefore, the government may have argued, the sooner a definite stroke for victory were delivered, the less the chance of final defeat.

THE condition of Germany's allies was no doubt a powerful argument for early decisive action in the field. How long Austria can continue under the strain of a war that to her has now become pointless is a serious question. Austria-Hungary has no ambition for additional territory. She is now delivered from the menace of Russia, the strongest force binding her to German imperialism, and she could without great difficulty compose her differences with Italy. All Austria-Hungary is fighting for is the consolidation of German gains in the east, a result that would make Austria more than ever a satellite of Germany. If the war were to remain deadlocked in the west for months and years, Austria-Hungary would sooner or later be compelled to apply pressure to induce Germany to moderate her claims upon Russian soil. Continuance of the internal distress to which the Dual Empire is now subjected would in the end produce revolution. Bulgaria, too, is ready for peace. She feels that the Allies would be willing to grant her essential demands. And how long can the little pro-German clique remain in control of Constantinople, with the British forces steadily whittling away the southeastern dominions of the Turkish empire? Whoever wins, the Turks lose, and the longer the war the greater their loss. Germany must strike now with all her might, or the whole foundation of her military power is in danger of crumbling away.

ALTOGETHER insufficient attention has been paid to the letter which President Wilson recently sent to a gathering of New Jersey Democrats. Since the end of the last presidential campaign in the fall of 1916 Mr. Wilson has expressed himself very rarely about domestic problems, and when he has spoken he has naturally limited himself to pleas to his fellow countrymen for the amount and kind of assistance needed by him in order to win the war. He has said little or nothing which indicated his attitude of mind towards proposed changes in our political and industrial institutions which later would become matters of political controversy. His letter to the New Jersey Democrats indicates for the first time the direction in which his mind is working and the burden of radicalism which in his opinion a responsible political leader can afford to carry. The following sentences are consequently of the liveliest interest. "Every sign of the terrible days of war and revolutionary change, when economic and social forces are being released upon the world, whose effect no political seer dare venture to conjecture, bids us search our hearts through and through and make them ready for the birth of a new day—a day, we hope and believe of greater opportunity and greater prosperity for the

average mass of struggling men and women." "The old party slogans," he adds, "have lost their significance and will mean nothing to the voter of the future, for the war is certain to change the mind of Europe as well as the mind of America."

SUCH words as these derive exceptional significance because of the source from which they come. President Wilson is the official leader of one of the two major American parties, and the Executive Chief of a powerful and hitherto conservative nation. He has in the past expressed unqualified confidence in the "slogans" of the Democratic party. When he was first elected President his personal platform consisted exclusively of an attempt to give an interpretation to the principles of the Jeffersonian Democracy which would renew their vitality. In throwing these "slogans" into the scrap-heap, he is assuming a new and much more radical attitude towards the existing political and economic order in America, and he is assuming this attitude, not as the leader of an opposition party which seeks to get possession of the government, but as a man speaking with the authority of a peculiarly powerful and responsible political office. So far as we know the head of no other regular modern government has described the status of an appreciable number of his fellow citizens as one of "economic serfdom." That is what Mr. Wilson did in his letter and at a less critical moment in a less dangerous enterprise his hardihood would have precipitated a hurricane of angry debate? A democracy which permits the creation of economic "serfs" must be as much in need of reconstruction as was the American nation when it was willing to provide Negro slavery with the protection of the law.

WHEN the President of the United States asserts that the returned soldier will be impatient of "mere phrases" and will demand "sincere action" and "real thinking," he is in effect raising the banner of thorough-going radicalism. In the past the responsible statesmen have never adjusted their minds to dealing with a fundamentally changing society. Their attitude has always been one of refusing to consider any but little pieces of patchwork on an essentially satisfactory industrial and social fabric. Such is still the attitude of an overwhelming majority of the Democratic and Republican politicians. The revolution which is taking place in the circumstances and ideas which underlie modern society arouses no echo in their flat and impervious minds. The great majority of them consider what is now taking place as a kind of colossal accident. They expect after the



"I see there's a big drive on the western front"

war is over the world and America to return to the status quo ante except perhaps in foreign and in military policy. Up to date Mr. Wilson stands alone among responsible American statesmen in anticipating radical changes in domestic political issues and in adjusting his mind to deal with them; but he need not hesitate or draw back on that account. He will have the facts on his side. The more expressly and sharply he can create an issue between himself and the frank or furtive defenders of the status quo ante the surer he will be to attain ultimate success.

STANDARD silver dollars in circulation or in the treasury amounted to \$583,000,000 on the first of last December. There was never any possibility of forcing the American people to carry this huge bulk of metal about in their pockets. Much the greater part of it has remained piled up in the treasury for over twenty years, as pretended security for the silver certificates that were really maintained at a parity by virtue of their interchangeability with gold. The silver dollars are an unsatisfactory treasury asset because of the wide range of fluctuation in the value of silver. Nevertheless any proposal to relieve the treasury of their storage would until recently have excited bitter opposition among large classes of the population. What, melt down the money of our fathers and the Constitution? That is just what our government is now proposing to do. 200,000,000 silver dollars are to be transformed into bullion, to meet foreign demands for silver. And nobody is disturbed about it. It is quite clear that the money question no longer survives as a political issue. What coins we shall use, what forms of paper currency, and how they shall be secured, are matters we can now settle on the advice of experts, instead of according to the prejudices of political parties. It is no small gain. Progress in economic legislation has been seriously retarded by the formerly prevalent delusion that a panacea for economic ills could miraculously be found in any particular monetary system.

WHEN the world is engaged in a death struggle it is possible to bring about the passage of a law which in less distracting times would be condemned by enlightened opinion. A bill (H. R. 9354) has been introduced in the national House of Representatives to deprive the Federal judges of the power to express any opinion on the evidence in cases tried before them. This power the Federal judges have always had, as have the English judges and the judges of many of the state courts. In some few states, however, chiefly in the South and West, the power has been taken

from them. In these states a trial is regarded as a contest between opposing lawyers, and the judge is a mere umpire whose duty it is to see that the rules of the game are followed and the best fighter wins. The more the authority of the judge is reduced, the more the power of the contesting lawyers is magnified. The result of such a statute as that proposed is to enable that party to win the case who employs the more able or perhaps the more unscrupulous lawyer.

AND yet this bill has been unanimously recommended for passage by the judiciary committee of the House. The recommendation is based upon a single case tried in Missouri ten years ago, in which a judge charged the jury that in his opinion the witnesses for the defendant were not telling the truth, but added that it was the jury's business rather than his own to determine whether the witnesses were telling the truth. The jury convicted the defendants and the judges of the circuit court of appeals were unanimously of the opinion that a verdict of acquittal would have been a travesty of justice. Under the present law the conviction stood. If the bill advocated by law were law, the just verdict would have had to be set aside. Could the committee have selected a case which would furnish a more conclusive argument against the bill recommended by them? Under the present law there is no real danger that the judge will invade the province of the jury. The judge is required to make it perfectly clear to the jurors that the decision rests with them and not with him. A jury is quick to see and resent any attempt at coercion by the judge. But the jurors are entitled to assistance from the only other impartial person in the court room. Chosen at random and unused to the atmosphere of the court room, they require, in a case where the facts are at all complicated, some expert assistance. The question is whether that assistance is to be rendered by the judge or by the lawyers hired by the parties. The proposed bill forces a wrong solution.

Seeing the War Through

SINCE President Wilson recommended one year ago a declaration of war against Germany, many changes have taken place in the political military prospects of the fighting nations; and these changes enable us to estimate with some certainty how far American intervention has justified the expectation of its advocates and the fears of its opponents. The results are mixed, but their net significance is clear. Those who during the

period of hesitation worked in favor of American intervention have abundant reason to congratulate themselves on their decision. In more ways than one the entrance of the United States has been salutary.

The submarine attack on commerce raised an issue about which America could not be neutral. How could a nation whose security depended upon the kind of law and order which prevailed on the world's maritime highways permit its lanes of travel to be terrorized and its vital communications to be destroyed for the benefit of predatory German imperialism? No one who understood the importance of this issue could hesitate about the answer. The opportunity of the American people to live on, as they had lived in the past, undisturbed by alien interference and military aggression was jeopardized. American security was bound up with the same combination of freedom and law on the high seas which had permitted the British Empire with its self-governing dominions to be constructed. If the American government had connived at the German submarine onslaught, the American people would have suffered the worst consequences of its own short-sighted and culpable negligence. The lines of communication between America and Europe would have been cut, Great Britain and France would have been deprived of supplies essential to their safety, Russia would have collapsed even more quickly and completely and the treaty of peace, even if not dictated by Germany, would have registered a clear victory for the German ruling class. America would thereafter have been confronted with the alternative either of acquiescing in German preponderance or of arming to the teeth, and both of these alternatives would have brought with them a wholly militarized world and the sacrifice of that which Americans have most valued in their national life. American intervention has so far prevented the submarine from bringing about the unmitigated calamity of a German victory.

But it has accomplished more than a negative result. As a consequence of the constructive political aims which the President has attached to American belligerency, there is at least a chance of obtaining, as a result of our intervention, a world organization which will guarantee political security and place commercial intercourse among nations under international regulation. Partly because of the Russian revolution and its pacific attitude and partly because of the Wilson war propaganda the aims of the two groups of belligerents are more than ever sharply contrasted. After the treaty with Russia, Rumania and the Ukraine, the Central Powers can no longer even pretend they are fighting a defensive war. They have imposed

treaties of peace on their eastern neighbors which commit them to maleficent interference in the domestic affairs of Russia and Rumania, and which cannot survive except as a result of continued military preponderance. On the other hand, the President is working, not without success, to modify those parts of the Allied political programme which if put into effect would inevitably have made for future military preparation and war. He has also succeeded hitherto in preventing the sheer disaster of Japanese intervention in Siberia and in convincing the Russians of America's sympathy with their sufferings and her loyalty to the ideals underlying their revolution and her belief in Russian power of recuperation. As a consequence, Bolshevik journals are now counting on American political and military force to defend the revolution against enemies who without American assistance would have every prospect of suppressing it. Thus American influence has acted steadily and powerfully as a democratic and liberal leaven in the policies of the war. If it had not been exercised, or if the American government had limited its participation to a policy of armed neutrality, directed solely to keeping its communications open with Europe, there would have been little hope for a democratic peace, no matter which side won a military victory.

The effect of belligerency upon the course of American domestic life has been more equivocal. A year ago there were some Americans who took seriously the example offered by President Lincoln during the Civil War and who anticipated that this new war to safeguard democracy could be waged without poisoning our national life with the usual infusion of rancor, intolerance, persecution, prevarication and mob rule. They were encouraged to entertain this hope, because President Wilson asked his fellow countrymen at the beginning to conduct "our operations as belligerents without passion and to observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for." The most articulate part of the American people has not followed the President's advice. Led by the great majority of the newspapers, it has confused love of country with mere pugnacity and indignation against wrongdoing with the indiscriminate hatred of individuals and peoples. If this kind of propaganda had prevailed, it would first have moulded public opinion about the war into a howling spiritual desert and then held up this Sahara of patrioteering to general admiration as an evidence of national moral unity and vitality. But fortunately it has not prevailed to the extent which might be inferred from superficial indications. In spite of the large amount of space which the popular press gives to

the propaganda of intolerance, suspicion and hatred, in spite even of the encouragement which such propaganda has received from at least two departments of the government, the war has produced an alteration in American public opinion very different from that which appeals on the surface and much more wholesome and significant.

In April, 1917, the majority of plain Americans failed to understand what a vital bearing the issues of the European war had come to have upon their own national security and upon the perpetuity of their cherished political ideals. They were reluctant to pay the incalculably large price of participation in what seemed to them a suicidal and fruitless European political quarrel. It might have been anticipated that this reluctance would increase just in proportion as the American people became more deeply involved in the war, but such has not been the result. During the past year their earlier hesitation has gradually yielded to a combination of influences, whose comparative force it is difficult to estimate correctly at this stage of the process, but whose net effect is becoming too plain for misunderstanding. The American people are now as fully determined to see the war through as the people of the North were two generations ago. They have come to know and to feel that, if they fail to see it through, they will be doing an irretrievable damage to that which is most precious in their own national life and outlook. Even though they could not understand in the beginning how and how much it was their war, they have by their voluntary acceptance of its obligations and by the sacrifices incurred on its behalf converted it into their own war.

This increasing determination of American public opinion to see through their gigantic and costly job will have results in the future no less salutary than those which have already followed from American intervention. To see this thing through means, of course, primarily a volume and a rate of American military preparation which when it comes to a head will make German success hopeless. It means at the present time the training, equipment and munitioning of more soldiers, the building of more ships, the production and transportation to Europe of more food, and the absorption of an increasingly large proportion of American capital and labor in war work. But it means more than that. The thing which the American people are committed to seeing through is not merely the defeat of the German autocratic imperialism. It is the creation of a new world after the war, in which imperialism in all its manifestations cannot live, and in which all peoples will enjoy the same opportunity of disposing of their own lives that they did before the war. They have

become an essential part of a European world as well as of a European war. The task to which they are ultimately committed is that of helping the people of Europe to win, as a consequence of voluntary international organization, advantages which were conferred on America as the result of geographical isolation. The damage which they would suffer from failing to see it through would not be so much the loss of military prestige, because the American people have never craved or possessed any military prestige comparable to that of the European nations. It would be damage to the moral foundations of their national life. America is now committed beyond recall to the consummation of its union with Europe and to the creation of a society of nations which will provide the necessary sanction for the establishment of moral standards in international politics.

There are two classes of Americans who consciously or unconsciously are opposed to seeing the job through. The first consists of the people who still consider the war as merely a violent and perhaps an unnecessary episode in the history of the country and who expect when it is over to see their government wash its hands of Europe. The second consists of those who consider the task which this country is bound to see through as primarily or exclusively military, and who are looking forward after the end of the war to the complete Europeanizing of America, rather than to the partial Americanizing of Europe. Both are wrong. The American nation never can resume its former isolation. Those who propose such a course are just as clearly quitters as are those who are willing to submit to a German military victory. Although America must abandon its isolation, it cannot abandon its ideals. The Americans who are insisting on the militarizing of their country now by the subordination of political to military victory and by the adoption of the European scale of armament are the most flagrant and dangerous quitters. It is they who under the pretence of fighting to the bitter end are abandoning the belief in the political objects and the hope for beneficent political results which can alone make prolonged fighting worth while. The immediate vitality of those political objects will depend upon the amount of military and economic force which the American nation places behind them and upon the inflexible determination to prevent a triumph for the German ruling caste. Effective American public opinion is more than ever agreed upon fighting to the limit of national power and endurance as long as the Kaiser continues to sing hymns of victory which, if they are ever fulfilled, will mean the death of liberalism. But the retort to the Hohenzollern barbaric yawp is not the utterance

by the Allied chiefs of an analogous yell. It is the publication of a covenant between the Allied peoples and the Allied governments guaranteeing that the unlimited sacrifices demanded of the people shall not be perverted for the benefit of any one class, but shall by certain definite and pre-arranged methods be used in the cause of national and international democracy.

Causes of Industrial Unrest

MEN in responsible government positions, men whose daily business it is to keep the machinery of production running smoothly, tell us that there is a growing ground swell of industrial unrest. A new situation is developing in the labor world. There is an increasing disposition among the rank and file of the workers to break away from the control of their leaders and to act without scrupulous regard to the pledges by which their leaders have sought to bind them to the various labor adjustment boards in Washington. A fresh epidemic of small strikes is spreading over the country similar to that which immediately followed our declaration of war. The tendency of the press is to charge these sporadic interruptions of production to the selfish and unpatriotic spirit of the men, to the incompetence and perversity of labor leaders, and generally to the cunning of pro-German agents. These are overworked explanations. Fortunately there are more tangible explanations which should be considered by the administration at Washington if a serious labor crisis is to be averted.

One of the major causes of labor unrest is the cost-plus system of letting war contracts. Employers have taken the position that they must be given generous financial incentives if they are to do their best work for the country. When the workers follow this cue and demand equally generous financial guarantees, they are denounced as selfish and unpatriotic. The fabulous sums which the government has allotted to these cost-plus concerns is breeding a pernicious industrial morale. It has become notorious that the hearings before certain of the wage adjustment boards are shockingly onesided when plants operating on the cost-plus basis are involved. The workers make more or less arbitrary demands, inspired by the belief that they are entitled to as substantial incentives as their employers; the employers assume a strangely indifferent attitude toward such demands on the apparent theory that since the government pays the bills and since their net earnings increase with each increase in the cost of production, they have no vital interest in the matter. The resulting

atmosphere of rank profiteering is one of the most fruitful sources of vague discontent and half-hearted productivity.

The misleading language of the federal eight hour law is another and cumulatively serious cause of friction. The statute begins with a sweepingly inclusive proclamation that every contract to which the United States is a party shall contain a provision securing the absolute eight hour day. As modified by the Executive Order of March 24th, 1917, it still guarantees the basic eight hour day with time and half for overtime. Among workers, the belief is universal that eight hours is the legal day on all work for the government. But Section 2 of the law declares that, among other things, it does not apply "to contracts . . . for such materials or articles as may usually be bought in open market." A plant on one side of the street, producing gas masks, "which may not usually be bought in open market," will be operating on the basic eight hour day; another plant, on the opposite side of the same street, producing shirts or blankets for the army, commodities which may usually be bought in open market, may be operating on a basic nine or ten hour day. To the lawyers who drafted the statute, this may seem a perfectly reasonable and satisfactory arrangement. But to the shirt makers, who know that they are just as certainly doing war work as their more fortunate fellows who are producing gas masks across the way, it seems unfair, disingenuous and absurd. Such patent discrimination under cover of a tricky technicality keeps thousands of men disgruntled, suspicious and restive.

But possibly the greatest single controllable cause of labor unrest is the free lance attitude of the various government departments and their private producing agents toward the entire problem of munitions production. Each division, each department shows a disposition to put full head of steam behind its individual productions programme, regardless of the exigencies of other departments and equally regardless of the transportation capacity of the railroads and ocean-going vessels. Secretary Daniels, for example, has put all his critics to shame by a public display of the Navy's splendidly stocked wardrobe. But in Washington criticism has not so much subsided as taken to strange new channels. On all sides one hears that the Navy has rather overplayed the virtues of efficiency. Last autumn, when the Army was short of blankets to protect its drafted men from cold and pneumonia, the Navy was boasting of a supply of blankets equal to all of its prospective needs for two years ahead and to spare. It is said that when a number of departments urgently needed a certain variety of submarine cable and went into

the market to get it, they found that the Navy had cornered the entire visible supply.

If the result of this free lance procedure were simply to raise all government services to the level of the Navy's magnificent preparedness, it would deserve nothing but unqualified praise. But when all departments plunge ahead not only regardless of one another, but equally regardless of the capacity of the railroads, the result is disastrous. Our heatless Mondays were instituted not because of a coal shortage only, but especially because production had glutted the railroads and the transatlantic docks. There was a backflow of goods that made the restriction of output imperative. Many plants were forced to close down, not only on heatless Mondays and holidays, but for weeks at a time. At the moment when the press rang with patriotic appeals to the workers to enlist in the industrial army, the free lance policy of the government departments had actually developed an acute unemployment crisis, the demoralizing effects of which are still widely felt. Strangely enough, the uncertainty of steady employment is one of the most aggravated causes of industrial unrest.

Unless this heedless interdepartmental competition is abandoned, unless there is team work in planning and centralized control of production, unless all heads of divisions and departments awake to the realization that the government is confronted by a *single* production programme and act accordingly, we shall repeat the disaster of the heatless days of last winter before the summer is past. Wheat will have to be moved in great quantities to the seaboard and across the Atlantic; coal will have to be distributed to thousands of scattered plants and to yards for storage against next winter; iron ore will have to be carried from Minnesota to Pittsburgh, and this alone, in view of the withdrawal of boats from the Great Lakes, will increase the normal burden of the railroads. The government has undertaken a huge housing programme in connection with the new shipyards and plans to build extensive warehouses to care for its munitions reserves. All the materials for these emergency buildings will have to be transported.

And all the munition manufacturing plants are just beginning to tune up to their work. Our production curve is shooting up rapidly, while our railroad equipment is hardly more than holding its own. If each of the government purchasing agencies plunge blindly ahead as if the railroads and ocean shipping had nothing to do but carry the particular supplies in which each of them is most interested, we shall again run into a traffic congestion, there will be another backflow of overproduced commodities, and another demoralizing un-

employment crisis. And the labor market is glutted with idle workers, questions of trade union recognition, of the closed and open shop, of the democratic control of industry, important as they are, go by the board. Hungry men will not be satisfied with titular honors conferred upon their national trade union leaders.

Contrary to the prevailing impression, there are many hungry and unemployed men at the gates of our shipyards and munition plants today—not so many as there were in December and January, but yet a large number. At a hearing before one of the wage adjustment boards in Washington a few days ago, an employer testified that he had been turning away ninety-five out of every hundred men who came to his plant seeking employment. The discontent of these unemployed men and the nervousness of the employed men upon whose heels they are pressing, is not so much a reflection upon their patriotism, as it is a serious reflection upon the competence and administrative foresight of the executives in Washington and their producing agents throughout the country. If our available man power is fairly dealt with, planfully and consecutively used and protected from the burden of unpreventable loss of wages, there is every likelihood that most of the labor unrest that continues to perplex our statesmen will disappear. What we need is less patriotic publicity of the disingenuous and fanatical sort, and more team work at Washington.

The German-American Problem

THERE ought not to be, in this country, any thing that can properly be denominated a German-American attitude toward the war. Among the eight or nine millions of our population born in Germany or native born of German parents, there will doubtless appear a certain number of seditionists, traitors. We had our seditionists and traitors in the Revolutionary war, when our cause was as obviously just and honorable as our present cause. But from the crimes of sedition and treason the overwhelming majority of our citizens of German extraction are free. They are playing their part satisfactorily in our industry and in our armies. Nevertheless, one need not go far to find, among German-Americans whose acts and speech are perfectly loyal to the United States, evidences of a separatist spirit. They are willing to work for us and fight for us, but they are coming less and less to feel at one with us.

For this separatist spirit we may choose to blame the German propaganda that still manages to

maintain itself. But the average German-American is intelligent enough to recognize propaganda when he sees it and stubborn enough to resist its influence. The chief responsibility rests upon us as a people. Through our government we have proclaimed our war aims in the most magnanimous and honorable terms. We are not fighting for territory or trade or prestige. We are not fighting out of national jealousy or race hatred. We have no quarrel with the German people as such; we have to fight them because they have become the instruments, willingly or unwillingly, of a monstrous imperialistic militarism that menaces the liberty and destroys the peace of the whole world. When we have achieved the objects for which we are fighting, we expect to live at peace with the German people, and we expect the German people, delivered from the militaristic incubus, to profit with the rest of the world from an international order assuring safety to all. From a democratized Germany we expect fruitful contributions to the world's civilization, just as we received fruitful contributions from the old Germany of pre-imperialistic days. Such are our aims and attitudes, as we proclaim them through our government. Any German-American who cannot subscribe to them without reservation is unworthy of the air he breathes.

If we were able, as private citizens, to make the official attitude of our government our own, German-Americanism as such could not long subsist. But there are too many of us who find ourselves impelled to supplement our official war aims with baser but supposedly more effective motives: race hatred, selfish interest, know-nothingism. The savant rushes into print with demonstrations of the inherently barbaric nature of the German, something nobody knows anything about; of the futility of German science, which the savant knows less about than he should; of the worthlessness of German music, on which point he differs sharply from those who have ears. The public spirited citizen dilates upon the enormity of paying out money to inoffensive German artists when there are American and Allied artists that want it. The teacher in college or high school raises grave doubts as to the value of instruction in German and organizes in the community an attack upon the German department. We may quote here excerpts from a letter from a high-school pupil, published in an important New York State paper:

"There are, to my knowledge, certain prominent members of the High School faculty, German department, who insist on using the German language in preference to the English for general intercourse. I have repeatedly passed them on the street on their way home to dinner, and have heard

them gassing 'auf Deutsch!' While in school I have heard one of the aforementioned subjects actually try to carry on a conversation in German with a prominent member of the Latin and Greek department. . . . If no action can be taken by the city authorities it is time for a patriotic committee to use tar and feathers (old fashioned, but very, very effective) in quest of satisfaction."

The teachers thus scurrilously attacked are, of course, German-American. They have served that high school efficiently and blamelessly for twenty years. There never has been any question of their loyalty. Nor will there be in the future. But among the thousands of persons of German blood who read this suggestion given currency through the press that respectable men and women be tarred and feathered for speaking the language they are paid to teach, there will be many whose latent Germanism will be fanned into life.

It is of the utmost importance that the pursuit of sedition by the public authorities should be unrelenting. But the public authorities are not performing their full duty unless they are also taking steps to remove the conditions in which sedition thrives. Those who are perverting our national cause into a bigoted and conscienceless attack upon everything German are inevitably creating such conditions. We have a right to expect the German-American to join with us in our war against the German Kaiser, German militarism, German imperialistic ambitions. We cannot ask him to war against the blood in his veins, to tear his tongue from his mouth if it obstinately refuses to shape the English language properly. And if we insist on making his origin a reproach, his qualities a disgrace, we shall pay for it in lessened efficiency for war and disordered political alignments in the coming peace.

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Averting Famine

IS there any way by which the cost of living can be cut in half to the buyer of food, and at the same time by which the price of food can be doubled in profit to the farmer? On the answer to this question depends whether the world can avert starvation. On its answer largely depends whether Bolshevism is to run rampant like a prairie fire among the workers of our own land, as it is now running rampant in Russia, fanning dangerously near flame in Italy and smouldering in France.

You can prove to your heart's content that we are glutted with prosperity, but if you put the billions of dollars' worth of corn and potatoes and wheat in bushels and pounds of food instead of dollars, and if there are not as many bushels and pounds of food as there are stomachs, you are going to have the same situation regarding food as we have just passed through regarding fuel; and all the Rockefeller millions could not buy a pound of coal for the New York house, though we have more coal unmined in the ground than any country in the world. It does not matter how much or how little money you have, if there is not food enough to go around you will not get it. And all the invocations to farmers and High Heaven to increase the production of food will not increase it by one pound unless the farmers can receive prices for that food which will cover the wages increased by 300 per cent, the cost of machinery increased easily 60 per cent, the cost of seed increased easily 300 per cent, and the lowering of the sum total of work done owing to hours shortened by a quarter of a day each.

"Why am I going out of business?" asked the operator of a very large farm, whose brother had gone as an officer to the firing line, but who himself thought he could better do his bit by raising more food. "Because it will take every cent I own to pay my deficits for the last three years;" and he sold 190 head of dairy cows, thereby decreasing the sum total in foods of milk, butter, veal, beef. "What am I going to do? Raise hay, which requires only a third as many hands as stock for a third of the year. Yes, I know baled hay won't feed stomachs; but it will pay bills, and you can argue that out with the men, whose wages I have increased from \$30 to \$60 a month in three years."

This farmer is only one of tens of thousands who are decreasing production because they cannot increase it without going stone broke. Beef ranchers, dairymen, poultry raisers, fruit and vegetable men—all are in the same boat—decreasing the aggregate of food production because the prices re-

ceived do not cover costs. Read the evidence of the Middle Western stock feeders, or of the Eastern dairymen, if you want facts. The farmer's unanswerable retort to the current food propaganda is simple:

"Stop talking and telling us how to do it, and come out and do it! Why is it illegal for us to set prices for what we sell when it is legal for the buyer of food—pork packer, poultry trust, milk trust—to set prices for what they buy from us?" (If you want facts to answer this question again look up the evidence before Federal Commissions on meat, milk, eggs.) "Are you aware," asks the farmer, "that the price we set for milk was lower than the price set by a Federal Government Commission? Are you aware that the price we asked for wheat was lower than the price offered to us by buyers for the Allies? Are you aware that the price we are asking for eggs is only one-third what you are paying private profiteers?"

A year ago if you had told the average man in the street that every wheel of industry East of the Mississippi would be brought to a dead stop for lack of fuel, that cities of millions of workmen would be given involuntary holidays from lack of fuel, that workmen in industrial centres, like Pittsburgh, would have to walk four miles to their work and four miles back from their work because the street car system had broken down from lack of fuel—if you had predicted such things to the average man he would have recommended you to an institution for flighty minds.

Yet these things have come to pass. A year ago, after most careful collection of facts, I wrote an article on the cost of living for a magazine with the second largest circulation in the world. Quoting the evidence of the biggest fuel engineers in the world I predicted exactly what has happened in fuel. Every line of those great engineers' predictions as to fuel was cut out. They were told that first they had got the idea—then the idea got them. It wasn't good policy to be pessimistic. Just shut your eyes and you could avert facts, though the poor of the big cities found that blowing on their fingers didn't warm them very much.

Yet we are headed toward a food scarcity within a year compared to which the fuel scarcity of this winter can be called only a childish trifle.

"But," the optimist may inquire, "was it not the severe winter that really precipitated the fuel crisis?" So it was, indeed, but what do you suppose the same severe winter has done to the food crops? It has prevented the farmers doing 50 per

cent of the usual fall plowing and so has lessened by half the possible preparations for food that can be put over in the autumn. It has delayed rail shipment, so that half our boasted corn crop of 1917 has softened and sent up seed prices 100 per cent and spoiled as stock feed and sent up stock feeds 300 per cent. It has increased the cost of wintering to stock feeders, dairymen and poultrymen so that many will come through the winter "broke" and quit business. It has winter killed the fall wheat area to an extent that we are not going to acknowledge till next fall. In some fields it has created the difference between 40 bushels yield per acre and 5 to 10 per acre. I had a 5 to 8 bushels yield myself in 1917, and 1916 was a mild winter compared to 1917-18. That means scarce chicken feed, scarce stock feed, scarce human food, whether you fix prices up or fix them down.

We are not only headed to a food scarcity—we are entering the first stages of it now, and shutting our eyes to the facts will not fill a single empty stomach. Consider a few facts: Prices are today 107 per cent higher in England than in 1914; and they are higher here than in England. Stock feeds that were \$24 a ton in 1914 are now from \$59 to \$65. Chicken feed that was \$1.65 a hundred in 1914 is now \$4.20 a hundred; so whether we eat the hen or leave her alive there is one thing dead certain—we shall not let her multiply her kind, for they would simply starve. Meat that was 22 to 28 cents a pound when the war broke out is now 40 to 44 cents. Canned vegetables that were three for a quarter in 1914 are 25 cents for one now. Eggs that commanded 30 to 40 cents a dozen in 1914 were 72 and 89 and 90 cents in February.

There were three separate milk investigations as to price in New York last winter, at the end of which the investigators—to paraphrase Omar—came out by the same door where in they went. They found that the farmer had to get the price he was asking, or go out of business. Incidentally, it may be mentioned here that the Federal Commission gave the farmer a higher mid-winter price than the Dairymen's League had asked. Before the war, the farmer received from 2 to 4 cents a quart and the public paid from 9 to 11 cents. To-day the farmer receives from 4 to 6 cents and the public pays from 12 to 17 cents. At one of the investigations, the farmers offered to deliver to the public milk at 10 cents a quart. The offer was not taken and that investigation became very quiescent, but not before a woman on the committee had quietly got into the evidence the fact that 200,000 to 260,000 school children on the East Side in New York came to classes without any breakfast. This evidence was no reflection on the committee; and it was

none on the dairymen. Their offer of cheap milk had not been accepted. It was just one of the facts showing which way we are heading as to scarcity of food; for when the price of food goes to levels that ordinary wage-earners cannot afford, we are entering on the first stages of famine, disguise the ugly word as you may. When the price of food goes to levels that prevent buying, the market stops, and the loss falls back on the farmer, who again decreases production, so that the last condition is worse than the first. Yet if the farmer does not get his price, he is forced out of business; and this is exactly what is happening today in beef ranching and dairying to an extent that will presently make butter rare here as it is in war-scourged Europe and beef as much of a luxury as avocado pears.

Fixing prices may save the buyer's purse; but unless the fixed price gives the producer a profit, the amount of food will shrink; and if there is not food to go round, no matter at what figure prices are fixed, you go hungry, just exactly as we went cold because there was not enough coal to go round.

Spike down the prices, and you spike down production. Let prices go soaring, and you make it impossible for the average purse to buy; and when people can't buy needed food, it means riots, bloodshed, revolution.

Why can farmers no longer produce profitably at the highest prices ever paid for food? Mainly because they do not get the high prices. They get only 35 per cent of the consumer's price, sometimes much less. Half a dozen agencies between farm and table get the 65 per cent. Next, because labor now costs the farmer \$50 to \$60 for the worker with house, fuel, vegetables and milk to the worker, where it used to cost the farmer \$25 to \$30. Because farm labor today works 8 and 9 hours where it used to work 10 and 12. Because seed is 300 per cent higher. Because machinery is 60 per cent higher. Because interest rates are higher. Because war industries and war, itself, have drafted away so much labor that the farmer must pay factory wages with factory hours to keep his help.

Either we must pay the farmer enough to give him a profit after paying his increased costs, or we must let famine run its mad riot of bloodshed and anarchy till all workers—including you and me—learn that no matter how short our hours, or how high our pay, if there isn't food enough to go round, we'll have to go out and raise it, or go hungry.

It is inconceivable that the American public should run head on into a food famine as we have run into a fuel famine. We are the most practi-

cal people on earth. Still advice doesn't grow crops; and so we are all asking ourselves the question: Is there any way by which the cost of living can be cut in half and the price of food be doubled in profit to the farmer? Yes, there is, and so simple and so obvious that every single food investigation has resulted in hundreds of thousands of dollars of lying advertisements to steer us away from the truth and let us go ahead blindfolded into disaster. The answer is so simple and so obvious that when one Federal food investigation was pending, members of the Emergency Fleet were asked to head it off, and when they refused, their entire work was assailed by withering blasts of publicity to divert public attention from food.

The way to cut the cost of living in half to the buyer and to double profits to the farmer is to cut out the intermediary private profiteering pirate, who takes toll at both ends, depressing prices to the farmer by juggled and manipulated market lists, and by jacking up prices to the buyer under cover of increased costs.

Now then, let us apply this remedy in terms of the breakfast table! You begin with an apple, which apple growers say you ought conscientiously to eat, both for your stomach's sake and to encourage the apple orchard. The farmer does well—and as I sold 414 baskets of apples this year at this price, I am quoting from experience, not market lists—if he sells those apples over and above costs of barrel, freight, commission, at \$3 a barrel net for 3 bushels of say 450 to 600 apples, according to size. That is, the farmer gets for your breakfast apple one-half to three-fourths of a cent. If you are at a hotel, you pay 25 cents for that apple, or the equivalent of \$75 a barrel for 300 large Grade A Fancies. If you are in your own home, you have probably paid \$6 a barrel or 2 cents an apple. Who got the difference between the farmer's one-half cent, and your 25 cents or 2 cents? A hundred different agencies of distribution. Freight claimed only a small part, 40 cents for 400 barreled apples, or one-tenth of a cent, or 10 cents for 100 boxed or crated apples, again one-tenth of a cent. Delay, storage, cartage, commission man, jobber, wholesaler, retailer, cold storage, claimed the difference between the farmer's one-half cent and your 2 cents; and hotel rentals and high priced chefs claimed the difference between the farmer's one-half cent and the hotel's 25 cents. Now if the producer could get a straight net 1 cent for his apples, he would flood the market with such quantities of apples that apples would always be cheap and never scarce. The farmer could afford higher wages for pickers, spraying, packers. As it is now, he ships you barely 25 per cent of his crop. The rest go to the cider mill to increase

the poison known as apple brandy, or else they rot on the ground. I saw as many as 3,000 bushels in one orchard fed to hogs the first year of the war.

You next have cereal and plain milk, not cream for your breakfast. Before the war, the farmer got 2 to 4 cents for that milk. You paid 9 to 12 cents. The farmer today gets 4 to 6 cents, according to the percentage of butter fat in it. You pay from 12 to 17 cents, according to the grade of milk. Who gets the difference? Again, freight claims only an infinitely small proportion of the price—from three-tenths to seven-tenths of a cent a quart according to length of haul. If the farmer could get a straight 8 cents year in and year out, he would flood the market with such quantities of milk no 200,000 children from the East Side need come to school faint from lack of breakfast. The Dairymen's League has in fact offered to deliver milk at 10 cents to the consumer's door; but the offer has been quietly allowed to go by default. If the farmers could get 8 cents a quart year in and year out, they could pay wages and cost of feeds that would permit the multiplication of their herds by ten, and the increase of butter and milk and cheese and beef and veal by more than ten. Who gets the difference between the farmer's 4 to 6 cents and your 12 to 17 cents? A host of intermediaries known as our system of food distribution. It should be known as our lack of system of food distribution.

We'll suppose your next item on the breakfast menu is an egg. Even with present prices of feed farmers could produce eggs at a profit if they could be sure of 35 cents a dozen year in and year out, or 3 cents an egg. Before the Food Administration began to force storage eggs on the market—you were paying 89 cents a dozen, or over 7 cents an egg—a difference of 4 cents an egg between what the poultry raiser must get and what you have had to pay. When you consider that as egg or cake or pastry or garnish, we do away with one egg per capita per day year in and year out, 4 cents an egg yields a tidy sum, sufficient to build a great many battleships and float a great many loans in a year. Yet that is what lack of system in food distribution does to one insignificant item on our breakfast menu.

So one could go on down the list of bacon, liver, ham, steak—with differences representing all the way from 100 to 300 per cent between what the farmer is receiving and what the city man is paying.

We have had so many investigations of food that the thing has become a joke; and always we have had the Tent Maker's experience—that out we have come by the same door where in we went;

and when we have come out we have always found the price has jumped up another notch. But we didn't like our fuel famine this year; and we'll like our food famine less next. Hoover has been forced by Congress to try price-fixing. It spiked prices down; but it didn't spike production up. Now

Hoover is asking authority for the state to take over the distribution of food; and the state doing that successfully will not only avert famine for a warring world but avert the fates that have overwhelmed the greatest empires of the past.

AGNES C. LAUT.

Group Ownership of Housing

WITH \$100,000,000 now in sight and with more that is to come, Mr. Eidlitz of the Labor Department's Bureau of Housing and Mr. Flannery of the Shipping Board, will build some thirty thousand houses and establish a series of new towns and suburbs for war workers. How shall those houses be disposed of?

If the government fosters the creation of local housing corporations and loans them eighty or ninety per cent of the capital on mortgage, the amortization charge in the rents will ultimately repay the government—and then the housing corporations will own the property.

If the government fosters the creation of local housing corporations as above with dividends limited to five per cent until the government is repaid but with the lid off after that the housing corporation will still look forward to a rich inheritance.

If the government limits such local housing corporations to five per cent *forever*, and forbids liquidation, the government will get its money back and the people who live in the property thereafter will enjoy abnormally low rents or abnormally large communal expenditures, but will have no voice as a matter of right in the management.

If the government plans rightly now, it can insert in rentals an item for amortization to retire both private capital and public loans, and thus gradually sell all the real estate intact to the communities which thus would presently find themselves in the remarkable position of owning their underlying land and all the buildings!

Of course this last sounds a bit utopian. Call it public ownership of land and buildings or socialism or single tax or what you will. In fact, it is nothing but a precaution that the capital shall be turned over but once and is parallel in principle to the arrangement by which the New York subway straphangers are amortizing and retiring the private capital with interest, after which the subway is to become unencumbered public property.

Consider a moment the position such a self-owning village will be in when amortization is completed, as it could be, at the end of twenty-seven years. The property will be relieved forever of

all charges for principal, a saving of six per cent annually or about two-thirds of each man's rent. If rent be counted as nearly a quarter of the workman's budget, the saving in his budget is thus about sixteen per cent. The saving may be given him in abnormally low rent but local manufacturers might capitalize that. A better way would be to continue rents at normal and use the revenue for beneficent community purposes.

Nearer, however, is the prospect that from the start such a community would enjoy the annual value of the unearned increment of land values, and as the increment would constitute a contribution toward the equity in the property, a private refunding mortgage could be arranged within a few years with a more leisurely amortization that would release a considerable revenue. This more immediate partial paradise would be more satisfactory than waiting twenty-seven years for a sudden utopia.

Unfortunately the facts are that at the various places where new towns are being created for shipyard workers with government funds, plans are being frequently mentioned that look to the early selling-off of houses and lots to individual workers and investors.

This is not necessarily the quickest or surest way for the government to recoup its investment. The selling-off of individual houses and lots will be slow, irregular and uncertain. During the war and immediately thereafter, the prospects of these villages will be uncertain because of the uncertain future of the industries. Construction costs being what they are, local real estate men have already refused to invest their own money in such housing; shall the government be a party to a proceeding that attempts to attract to such investments the slender savings of the workers? Even if the government, or its local housing subsidiaries, could make such sales to numerous trustful and unwary workers, it ought not to try. On the other hand, if and when these properties begin to become good bargains after the war, watchful local real estate men may be expected to pick up the parcels that are improving in value and leave the least valuable assets, and the government may for decades have

as collateral scattered collections of left-over holdings on its hands, from which it cannot collect the remainder of its principal. Thus, under a selling-off policy, parcels that increase in value are not retained to offset those that decrease, and the government's mortgages become increasingly insecure. Clever management, of course, can diminish such dangers, but who can guarantee that the management will be clever?

Grave immediate dangers from speculation and consequent exploitation of the workers to the detriment of the labor turn-over, may follow on a selling-off policy. Houses that are retained in the hands of local housing companies bound to a limited annual dividend will presumably be rented at terms based on actual and necessary cost without regard to the rise in land values that may follow the influx of new well-paid population. Houses that are sold off individually to workers or to investors and speculators, however, will be under no such restraint. Workers may find that their contracts for purchase are worth a premium and may be tempted to cash in and move elsewhere. If speculators get hold of such houses, they can be depended upon promptly to advance the rentals to the maximum that the paying power of the workers can stand. The attractive wages of the shipyards may thus be nullified, workers may be driven to accept boarders in quarters not designed therefor, and the old evils of congestion may be repeated.

These large-scale housing enterprises are subject to different economic laws from the operations of the ordinary small-scale speculative builder. The latter, building a few houses at a time, contributes so little to improve and populate a neighborhood that he expects but little benefit to himself by reason of the slight enhancement of land values by his operations. But the government's operations will suddenly transform whole countrysides, convert farm lands into populous suburbs, replace cow-paths with paved avenues lined with busy shops. Each improvement, private or public, will tend to raise the land value on neighboring lots, and by simultaneous interaction, the lands in these tracts as a whole will often be found, after population arrives, to have acquired an increment of land value considerably beyond the actual costs of land and utilities.

All unearned increments created by these great housing enterprises should be anticipated and conserved in the joint interests of the government and the workers. It should therefore be provided in the contract wherever government funds are loaned to local housing companies.

1. That said local housing companies be perpetually limited to a reasonable cumulative dividend;

2. That no individual lots be sold (except perhaps for public buildings or churches) without a provision permitting recapture at cost less depreciation;

3. That the way be left clear for a trial of the English garden city copartnership tenancy principle of operating the properties after the war, so that any unearned increment of land values may be conserved for the benefit of the workers.

The copartnership tenancy societies of England have proven highly successful for ten years but have not yet been imitated in this country. The principle is that of group ownership instead of private ownership of the property, the original outside capital being limited as to dividends and being gradually retired by sale of stock to tenants by charges collected from the tenants in small monthly payments. Each tenant thus becomes part owner of his whole community instead of entire owner of one house and lot. Speculation and exploitation of the unearned increment of land values is completely prevented, and the annual cost of the homes continues to be governed merely by actual expenses instead of being placed at the highest figure that the people can be compelled to pay. Such group ownership and management has other incidental advantages in conducing toward orderly and attractive development.

Another and somewhat simpler method would involve the following steps:

(a) The rentals of the houses, stores, etc., to be adjusted to cover interest—subject to modification of the mortgage as below, maintenance charges and amortization of the capital, both governmental and private. Vacant land in the tracts to be leased for not more than twenty-one years with the usual arrangement for renewal upon appraisal.

(b) After the readjustment of the local industry to post-war conditions, the then value of each village to be appraised and the shrinkage, if any, to be written off the government's loan as a cost of war.

Low-profit Tenants' Trust Associations to be organized and incorporated in each village and to be credited with stock ownership of the village as fast as the amortization proceeds and with authority to mortgage the property with private lenders to retire the government loans and the local private capital whenever sufficient equity has been built up.

It is not necessary at this time to adopt this whole group ownership programme, but only to make the government loans conditional on provisions against sales without recapture reservations and against exploitation of future unearned increments, until definite plans for disposal of the properties can be matured.

Mr. Eidlitz and Mr. Flannery should create a Committee on Disposal Problems to work out an enlightened plan and meanwhile should take precautions to prevent any action that might invalidate such a plan.

RICHARD S. CHILDS.

Renoir and the Impressionists

THE group of painters known as the Impressionists have been at the centre of the stage or near it for almost a generation. Theirs had been the dominating influence in most radical enterprises during that time until the moment when the cubist experiments in pictorial absolutism turned painting entirely aside from its traditional aims. But though the impressionists had been for so long first in contemporary influence, there had been changes in the prominence of the individuals of the group. The emergence as of primary importance of Manet, Monet and Degas in the earlier period, and of Cézanne and Renoir in the later, is significant of changes in pictorial purpose and interest.

Before their coming, the immensely robust Courbet had broken with the romantic tradition in its current forms and was busily presenting to the eyes of his shocked fellow-men the substance of actual things. He showed the volume and weight of solid flesh, the density and mass of green foliage, the heavy roll of waters, and the juicy fulness of red apples. He was a wonderful master of the painter's craft who saturated his canvases with the amplitude of objects realized as valid in their own right. But like all the greater realists he was a romantic at heart, that is he strove to project a world of his own which should be the proof of his creative impulse, of his feeling that the artist did not paint merely what he saw, but that in satisfying his own spiritual demand he saw the truth of things. His buoyant arrogance proclaimed the spiritual Jehovah, proud in the consciousness of his creative temper and will.

All the impressionists were deeply influenced by Courbet, some more and some less directly. In the case of Manet, where Spanish influence—especially that of Goya—was added, there was the purpose to reduce Courbet to terms of simpler pictorial means. Courbet had modelled very elaborately with all the nuance in his forms that studio light would give. Manet tried for greater simplification in the masses by adding to the silhouette so much of modelling only as was necessary for giving essential character to the form. In view of what has since been done the modelling

of Manet seems elaborate enough, but in comparison with Courbet and the others of his time, its flatness was conspicuous. His broad masses of color fitted together with subtly adapted edges, broke with the traditional, enveloped figure and the atmospheric bath of the older art. There lay in it fresh possibilities of a painting that should have the clarity of definition of the early mosaics and frescos, with the least sacrifice of realistic rendering. Manet was furthermore the least romantic of his group, the one most simply a realist and most easily content with setting forth the things as he saw them. Of course there was an individual vision which every artist has, but Manet's was to an unusual extent impersonal. His transcriptions were colored more by his technical than by his emotional qualities.

While Manet was building up his masterly constructions, Pissaro and Monet were exploring the possibilities of color in the open air. In this apparently Pissaro was the leader, though the more energetic and assertive Monet is in general regarded as the greater man. He is indeed the greater force, but as unquestionably he is the lesser artist. Pissaro's gentle serviceableness, his modest readiness to learn new things even from much younger men, and the restraint always to be found in his expression, have lessened in some measure his reputation. His work is quite uneven and at his best his line and color are fine and pure rather than powerful. His most successful pictures establish a rarely sympathetic contact with their subjects, but like Manet, Pissaro is lacking in profound conception. He also is quite limitedly a realist, though in his case the realism is soberly refined.

Monet on the other hand is vigorous and emphatic. Gifted with great power of optical discrimination and analysis, inexhaustible in industry, sturdily honest and unalterably convinced, he got something more than a fair share of credit for his moderate creative gifts. He too was a romantic, but of the shallow kind, in whom romantic magniloquence disguises the flabbiness of line, the lack of tang in color, and the essential commonplace of composition. He profited by the fact that his subject was almost exclusively landscape, which is so readily evocative of feeling, so near to music in its capacity to move, that it serves favorably to cover over an artist's vital limitations. A comparison of Monet's landscapes with his still life and his few figure things, will make evident the spiritual and imaginative poverty of a very capable painter.

The time had come in the course of the eighties and the early nineties when the influence of Manet, Monet, and of Degas also, had been quite fully absorbed, and when the need of other things than

these men had to offer, was felt by many. Both Manet and Monet were superficial, with little sense of deeper fact or feeling. Pissaro was too slight. In Degas there was more profundity, but it was largely critical in temper. He influenced mostly the satirists in art but did not lead far in the direction of the general heart of man. Those young men therefore who were seeking for a creative inspiration, turned to Cézanne, that strange man secluded in the south, at Aix in Provence, who with eager passion sought to make reality more real, to make into a picture the very substance of God's word. Cézanne's eye was not turned to nature in admiration of the world of things; there was no simple joy in things; there was no taking anything for granted. Here was again the romantic temper at its deepest, the wish to recreate a world near to the heart's desire, a world that should be the symbol of a forth-reaching passion, of the will for a profounder emotional and intellectual life. But to Cézanne, unlike Courbet, the world was a means and a means only. He had much affection but very little sympathy for men and things. His eyes indeed looked outward, but his soul's vision turned within and he sought with endless, passionately impatient insistence, to make the outer world the carrier of his inner need. He did not paint most of his pictures for the picture's sake but rather from a desire for the mastery that would permit of adequate self-expression. The only picture that for Cézanne really counted was the picture that he would paint when, like a god, knowing and compelling to the uttermost, he would fling forth his definitive creation. Cézanne was a kind of Faust who never knew despair, but strove indomitably to be master of the moment when he could say to that which he had made, "O still delay, thou art so fair." In the meantime he was almost indifferent to the stuff that he actually succeeded in producing, for it was so hopelessly unlike that which he longed to see. Although he never lost his faith, he recognized that he himself would not in the flesh enter the holy valleys of the promised land. "I shall die," he said, "the primitive of the way that I have discovered."

No greater contrast to Cézanne could be found than Renoir, the last of this illustrious group to come to recognition, and in whom the blend of the romantic with the realist is almost perfect. Whereas Cézanne was always painting on tomorrow's picture with passionate aspiration, Renoir with equally passionate joy was busy with today's. Whereas Cézanne despised even his best, Renoir enjoyed all that he did when he was in the right mood, and he was almost always in the right mood. Although a lifelong student, constantly occupied with the problems of the painter's art, he did not

let those problems stand between him and his pictures. His every canvas was an experiment, not because he treated it as such, but because his mind was open to what was growing under his brush. At times he worked hard at particular problems, but even in the pictures that were most definitely records of such hard work the joy in the thing overcame and crowned the product with the crown of sympathetic pleasure. Cézanne cared for nothing but his soul's purpose and his soul's salvation, while Renoir finds his soul wherever he looks abroad, in the fair faces and the warm bodies of women, in the delight of children, in the light and life of field and sky and water, and in the freshness and glow of fruit and flowers. Never has there been a more outward turning mind, a more cheerful and joyous devotion to the visible world. Nor is this visibility a superficial one. With few exceptions every picture of Renoir's is an individual thing, even when there are a score of almost exact replicas. His endless buoyancy thrills through the products of his brush in the flood of an indivisible life. Therefore his pictures so wonderfully supplement and sustain each other, and Renoir lovers are insatiable. Collectors of his pictures have them by the scores and find that each accession adds not itself alone but gives addition also to the life of all the others. To Renoir so richly endowed, fulness has been given in the way of achievement, and despite retarded recognition, the hideous pain of a prolonged and afflicting illness and a crippled state of many years' duration, his artist's life has been one of quite singular fortune.

Renoir is so far the fullest synthesis that has appeared of the various strivings of Courbet, Manet, Pissaro and Monet. His modelling is full and rich and yet translated so perfectly into terms of color, that it functions as a flat decoration. Year by year, decade after decade, his progress in the mastery of these characters has continued till in the first twelve or thirteen years of this century he reached supreme achievement. Since then with failing strength there is some falling off in completeness, although there is in some respects progress even in the latest. But his joy has never waned. He is, in theological language, a man once-born, one who has never trafficked with sin but who came to birth in the full light of grace. A greater than he may come when one with equal gifts shall plunge to deeper spiritual levels and make manifest the more inclusive drama of life, the victory of the powers of life over the powers of death. But the shadow of death has never clouded the art of Renoir and if he has a limitation it is the very simplicity, the serene graciousness of his pure and noble joy.

LEO STEIN.

Ellie

ELLIE is vivid to my memory. She stands distinct against a background of reformatory women, defined with delicate decision. Not alone her charming appearance, the winsome little face, the exquisitely slender wrists, the grace of the blue-ginghamed figure; but the inner spiritual quality of something not tamed. Ellie was ever poised for flight—you know that when the wild ducks flew north, calling her, Ellie's soul must follow them.

I have good reason to remember Ellie. But three days after my bewildered arrival at the reformatory farm I had not yet noticed her—singled her out from her background. She was still to me “one of the inmates.” Hence the following poster, scattered broadcast throughout the country, failed to recall Ellie to my mind's eye:

\$10.00 REWARD

For the Return of ELLIE HIGGINS

Escaped October 22nd, at 8 P. M. from the Gardner
Reformatory for Women

Age: 26.

Height: 5 ft.

Weight: 95 lbs.

Build: slender and wiry; very small boned; hands and wrists noticeably slender.

Coloring: dark hair and eyes, clear, pale complexion.

Features: small, delicate, distinct. Looks like boy of 16.

Voice: high like a child's.

Nationality: American.

Appearance: neat—quick in movement.

Clothes: blue striped gingham dress, dark blue sweater, black shoes and stockings, probably no hat.

Ellie and Ruby Ruggles had not come in to evening prayers Friday night with the other “kitchen girls.” The entire reformatory was agog. It was agreed that Ellie must have gone to find her child—her own child for whose kidnapping she had to serve a long term; and that as for Ruby, “why, she just naturally *would* run away.” They had ten minutes' start. Then ensued a royal game of hare and hounds. Until the village “central” went to bed, the farm telephone did furious business. All night the handy-man's Ford clattered round the countryside. Saturday morning every station agent on the rural line had descriptions of the two fugitives. If Ellie remained vague to my mind, it was easy to single out of the chaos of my new impressions a concrete memory of Ruby, a loutish damsel, wearing around her fat neck a black velvet band which displayed a crucifix under her double chin; Ruby whom some weary judge had given a year so that the public highway might forget her silly face; Ruby the street walker, Ruby the clown.

By Sunday I had become aware that a splendid

public opinion among the women in this reformatory had almost eliminated runaways. The institution could have been run on no other basis. Handicapped as it was by legislative frugality, it boasted a bare handful of officers. There were no effective locks or bars, save in the emergency “thinking room.” Inside the two farmhouses which had been remodelled to house the state reformatory, and which were now known as “Hill” and “The Farmhouse,” there was not enough room for the constant inflow from the courts; “honor girls” *had* to sleep on the porches. And runaways *had* to be prevented. Making a virtue of necessity, Miss Clervel, the resourceful young superintendent, had launched self-government at Gardner. Thanks to her, public opinion—nothing else—had made escapes almost unknown. At our first meeting, the previous Wednesday, she had made me think of a steady sea breeze, tonic and tireless. Not until later did I understand the terrific strain under which she suffered while Ruby and Ellie were roaming. She saw the implications of their treason.

So she made things happen. On Sunday afternoon she drove her automobile to Finnburg. One of the landed aristocracy of this metropolis of seven farms said he would let on that two stranger gals were working in his barn at that minute. Ruby, slower than her elfish comrade, trundled into the nearest stall, which, however, proved to be already occupied by one mule. With astonishing celerity Ruby bounced out again! Meanwhile, into the farmhouse dashed Miss Clervel, up the stairs in time to see Ellie dive in between two feather-beds which lay as level as before. Miss Clervel dived in, too. Hares and hounds turned home again.

The dormitory doors of Hill had been locked lest this community of lawbreakers take into its own hands revenge for privileges lost by these betrayers. The superintendent, returning from the chase, bounded into my room, glowing. We danced for joy. Yet I wonder if I *was* glad. Ellie was going to pay for wanting her baby.

All the honor girls from the Farmhouse gathered with the “student officers” on the Hill porch. The runaways approached with their bodyguard. Ruby squealed with panic; Ellie shrank close to Miss Clervel, but her white face was defiant. Instantly I remembered Ellie. Then reformatory wit broke loose.

“Hi! Who take a vacation! *Ruby 'n Ellie!*”

“Who thinks they're smart? *Ruby 'n Ellie!*”

“Who tried to take our privileges away? Hi! Yi! *Ruby 'n Ellie!*”

“Who thought she'd take a ride on a mule! Ha! ha! ha! *Ruby Ruggles!*”

“Say, got a reg'lar stylish ride home in a auter, didn't you?”

I had been told that Ellie had been taken from an unfit home by the Children's Board of Guardians. She was "put out to housework." Attempts to prevent her from writing to her mother, who enjoyed a questionable reputation, had caused Ellie to run away. Soon afterwards she married. When she discovered that her husband already had a wife, she departed with her little girl. Beaten in her brave struggle to support two, the frail mother in desperation signed away her legal right to the child. Later she suspected that the adopted parents were misusing her baby. Legal renunciation of her claims meant nothing to this loyal, valiant little woman. She kidnapped her own child. All last summer they lived picturesquely in a peregrinating wagon drawn by a bony old nag, until Ellie's means of livelihood drew unwelcomed notice. Then the hand of the law clutched the reins.

I was horrified at the savage gloatings of the other girls. With a frank confession of my sentiments to Miss Clervel began my own education. She invited me to attend the student officers' meeting.

The four student officers, elected by the girls, met in the office of Miss Clervel. As there was no question of withholding the usual punishment in this case, the two runaways were sent for at once. Little Lisa was spokesman. Lisa, who had been transferred to us from the state prison, was the youngest girl in the reformatory. She still had two years ahead of her for killing her baby. The frenzy of shame and fear had wrenched her young life out of the simple human ways of friendliness and faith. A bitter struggle for self-rehabilitation had beaten decision and grimness like scars into that tragic mouth and chin. The sombre eyes held Ellie's fearless ones and Ruby's shifty gaze.

"Have youse girls got anything to say for yourselves?" The culprits looked at each other. Ruby snickered. Ellie shook her head. Then everyone started at Lisa's tone.

"This isn't nothing to laugh at, you better understand. Got anything to say? No? Very well. Wait outside."

Lisa and the other three women looked at Miss Clervel. "All right, girls. Call them in."

"Ruby Ruggles and Ellie Higgins, this is a very serious thing. Don't you know that doing these sort of things 'll make a state prison out of this place? If you'd ever been there, as I have, you'd look out. Now, then, it must *never happen again!* The student officers has decided that youse girls get three months' extra time on you. That's all."

Besides having to serve three months' extra time, runaways usually were "on punishment" for three months, wearing turkey-red dresses, and only coming out of their rooms for work. They lost the

privileges of school, of meals with the girls and of evenings in the cheerful living room.

But I discovered that the strength of discipline at Gardner lay in the making of wise exceptions. Ruby received all that was coming to her. But Ellie was a new girl, obviously led astray before she had become a part of institution life. The unerring instinct of the community for fair play was cleverly satisfied by letting Ellie go to school. Ruby had a fair education; Ellie had none. So every afternoon Ruby's red dress might be seen at her window while the vociferous procession streamed over to the chapel school-room, Ellie's shy face radiant beside me. On the way to school, she would tell me of her love for travelling, and her firm intention of going "out west" some day. The wanderlust was in her blood.

How she loved school! At the end of the precious two hours she would dumbly glance at me for permission to take her reader home. When I locked her rickety door after school, I realized that such locks as ours literally "do not a prison make." Surely this fragile student huddled over her book was learning to read the lesson of life, that freedom snatched at others' cost is not true liberty.

During the winter the new choir kept pace with the development of self-government at Gardner. Some of the first members could not read; but presently the standard was raised. Faithfully it reflected the spirit of the community. Character was always a more significant qualification for membership than the ability to read or even to sing. Thus when Ellie's "punishment time" was over, her rehabilitation was completed by a unanimous election to the choir. That spring she used to bring up the rear of the graduated line of march, looking like a seraphic choir boy with her serious, eager face, under the round black cap, and a neck the size of your two fists primly collared by her starched white cape.

By this time Ellie was the "officers' waitress." As this work required early rising, she was moved from Hill cottage to the Farmhouse, where the honor girls slept "unlocked" and rose by their own "Big Ben." From the honor dormitory it was only a step to a porch cot. Perhaps some of us marvelled at Miss Clervel's faith. A girl who had run away now sleeping on the porch! Yet Ellie's assimilation into the community seemed complete, in spite of her proud reticence. She was helpful and a good worker. Besides, we thought any incentive to run away was gone, now that she was to have her child once more when she should be paroled. Moreover, she was so new when she ran away! And that was long ago, last fall in fact. And lastly, if you are going to have self-government at all, it has got to be the genuine article.

So Ellie gave her word of honor.

The wild ducks flew north, calling her. Afterwards we remembered how thin she grew, in spite of outdoor life. School stopped for early planting, Ellie closed her book, forgot her lesson. The midnight mist of spring shimmered blue on pasture hills. The winter of her discontent was done. The wild ducks flew north, calling her.

She followed.

Again the station agents on the rural line and the detectives at the junctions read of a ten dollar reward and threw out their chests. What chance had the wild duck with its clipped wings?

Some months later I stood in the women's corridor of the state prison. At the sewing machines sat nineteen women, four of them being acquaintances of mine. There was one-eyed Felicity Jones, a colored girl, who had twice run away. There was "Katrina Z.," who had tried to hang herself with a corset string almost under my very eye; and foul-mouthed Kit Callahan, the plague spot, soon to be set at large to ply her vicious trade.

And little Ellie!—the wanderer harnessed to a sewing machine in this dark corridor, sewing her life away, day in—day out.

You see, self-government at Gardner simply *had* to work. New girls poured in; appropriations did not. There was no prospect of relief. So there had to be beds on porches; there had to be tents; else where should the overflow sleep? Withal escapes must be prevented, for we were answerable to the state for our charges. Since escapes could not be prevented by lock and key, some less tangible hindrance had to be found. Such a hindrance was provided by a strong public opinion. The honor girls were made to feel responsible for each other, and since Ellie's defection they themselves had voted each new promotion to their quarters. Their instinct was keener than ours, so each was made her sister's keeper. Thus the housing problem was for the time being solved, in the only way it could have been solved—by a courageous experiment in self-government. And the faith of our leader was its mainspring.

Ellie, after all, was an alien. She could not stifle the wanderlust. We had no shackles that could hold her. We ought to have had such shackles; we ought to have had house room; so heavy a burden of responsibility ought not to have been forced upon self-government. To transfer Ellie to prison was only a makeshift; but we had to temporize. With her back against the wall, Miss Clervel yielded to the inexorable logic of the situation. Obviously Ellie must go; even though we knew that to sign her transfer to prison was to sign her death warrant. For in prison she would have to serve her maximum term, instead of one year at Gardner

and a long parole. And the maximum for kidnapping is twenty years. Yes, even kidnapping your own child.

I had seen Ellie go to her tomb. Now I met her there, half alive. She couldn't pass now for a boy of sixteen. The firm, clear flesh was flabby and the starry eyes were dim. But they brightened as she told me that she hoped the Board of Pardons would release her at the next session. I stared. I remembered she had always planned to go "out west." Heartsick I wondered when the public would realize the situation and our desperate need. On that day for which we so hopelessly hoped, when we should have means for her safe keeping, the wild duck was to return to the reformatory farm, where liberty was no dream. Meanwhile—a prison cage!

I sent Ellie the reader she once cherished, but I had no answer to my letter. I imagined her huddled over the dim page, conning the bitter lesson set for us all. And over the prison again the wild ducks flew north, calling her.

Then Ellie wrote.

Dear Miss Case

I thought I would see if I could send you good news be for, I wrote so, I can I am at home, at last. I am working at house work 2.50 a week and I work in a factory besides. I am going to bring work home to do nights. Please tell Ruby I am at home, and doing good I hope she will be good so she will soon get out too. I will send some post cards of our town I hope when you have off, and have time, You will come down to see me. I am going to save money to go west as soon as, I can. How is little Lisa P. I do wish that poor kid would get out. Sincerely your friend.

Ellie Higgins.

Once more Ellie is on the wing.

ELIZABETH CASE.

Nocturne

Chords, tremendous chords,
Over the stricken plain,
The night is calling her ancient lords
Back to their own again.

Vast, unhappy song,
From incalculable space
Calling the heavy-browed, the strong,
Out of their resting-place.

Far from the lighted town,
Over the snow and ice,
Their dreadful feet go up and down
Seeking a sacrifice.

And can you find a way
Where They will not come after?
The vast chords hesitate and sway
Into a sudden laughter.

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Crime or a Crusade?

SIR: The splendid service which you have rendered to all of us by making accessible the complete text of the Reconstruction Programme of the British Labor Party, encourages me to suggest to you that you should take upon yourself a further no less important service. There is going on in England, and no doubt in other Allied Countries as well, a great deal of independent thinking on war and peace problems which runs parallel with President Wilson's policy, especially as summarized by you, with masterly skill, in your article on *The Need for President Wilson's Policy*, in the issue for March 2nd. Most of this thinking is being done by men who are not prominent statesmen, or leader-writers in the daily press, whose utterances are cabled across to brighten our breakfast-tables. Hence it is hard for us to keep ourselves informed of the drift of their thought, and of the extent to which they both shape and express the aspirations of the inarticulate rank and file. Yet nothing could assist a mutual understanding more, or accelerate everywhere the rallying of peoples on the platform of President Wilson's peace terms, than that we should be helped to realize that the President's voice, when he defines the ideals for which America is fighting, is not merely the voice of one crying in the wilderness of European diplomacy, but rather the voice of one leading an ever-swelling chorus. Could we not, through your columns, be kept more closely in touch with these movements of thought?

As an example of what I mean, may I direct the attention of your readers to a striking article, entitled *The Sword of the Spirit*, in the December Supplement of *The Athenaeum*? The author, who signs himself "N. C. O.," was severely wounded at the battle of the Somme. He is an old Oxford man, now lecturing in the London School of Economics, as well as to classes of the Workers' Educational Association. He is active on Committees and Commissions engaged on reconstruction problems. He has been invited to stand, as candidate of the Labor Party, for a safe seat at the forthcoming parliamentary elections. He has been sought for various kinds of Government work, but has preferred to keep his freedom to think and write. He has a right to speak and to be heard.

His article is a plea for a redefinition of war aims on the part of Allied statesmen. He fears the danger of a degeneration of national purpose, such as insensibly results from the very concentration of effort on achieving victory, unless men keep their motives pure, and ever and again renew the quality of their patriotism by recalling

"the stillness of expectancy, a silence and a tranquil light like that which filled the air on that July morning when the new armies stood to arms for their first great battle. Present and future seem for a moment to be brought together. Men leap across centuries, and see a world set free and united, and become for a moment citizens of it, because of their resolve to sacrifice all in order to attain it."

Else there comes the time when "the hope of perpetuating peace" turns into "the certainty of perpetuating war," unless "the faith of the peoples overrides the timidity of governments," unless men

"refuse to be frightened by national danger into national egotism, and judge all proposals and policies,

not by the immediate advantages which they may seem to offer to this nation or that, but by their compatibility with the original purpose, which may not have been the only motive, but was nevertheless the moral justification, for undertaking war."

He dwells on the impurity of motive revealed by the secret treaties which the Bolsheviki published and renounced, on the evidences of militarism and imperialism among the Allies which threatened to assimilate their aims to those of Germany, and degrade the conflict from a crusade for a disinterested principle to a fight between rival national ambitions for territorial and economic advantages. Like many other observers, he points out how the Allied cause was ruined in Russia by the suspicions which clung to it, and how the Allies failed to benefit by the idealistic forces at work beneath the excesses of the revolution. But above all, he sounds the grave warning that increasing suspicion concerning the quality of the peace aims of the Allies is beginning to undermine the morale of the fighters and workers in Allied countries.

"Men feel that the War which they supported is not the War which they are now asked to support. They are coming to believe in increasing numbers that it is being continued for reasons different from those for which it was begun, and that, if the welfare of the world is delivered from the nationalist ambitions of Germany, it may end by being sacrificed to the nationalist ambitions of the Allies. They ask to be told in precise language what they are fighting for, and what terms their governments must obtain before the armies cease fighting. And when no intelligible answer is forthcoming, they conclude the reason to be that the national policy has been altered by additions which their rulers are afraid to state. So long as such an explicit statement is not made, every additional speech, whether fluent or 'stammering,' is an additional irritation. They read the empty generalities of this statesman and the general emptinesses of that, and they see little to choose between the German Tweedledums and their own Tweedledees. If nations could be united by common antipathies, Germany and England might well be reconciled in the unanimity of their disgust with their politicians.

"To define at once and in explicit terms the conditions precedent to the commencement of negotiations is, therefore, the path of wisdom. It is also the path to the only kind of victory which it is wholesome for England to win or for Germany to endure."

This is "to strike not only at the outworks of the enemy, but at the citadel of his faith." This is to wage war "with our minds as well as with our bodies."

"If victory cannot be achieved by policy alone, neither can it be achieved, as men built the Pyramids, by the unreflecting expenditure of physical energy and the sacrifice of countless human lives. If policy without power is lame, power without policy is blind. Since when was it an axiom of statecraft that a nation should demand everything from the courage of its soldiers, and nothing from the wisdom of its statesmen?"

A year ago the soldiers

"discussed one thing, and one alone: How long will it last? To-day that question is turning itself into

another: Why does it go on? They have some right to an answer, the right of men who are waiting for death. But they do not get it. It is not military exigencies which prevent it from being given, for how can military success be prejudiced by stating the purpose in the attainment of which it consists? It is the hope of some statesmen, and of the interests behind them, that if they do not declare the provisional conditions of the peace which they regard as just, they may attain a peace in which they will be free to take what they please, whether it is just or not. It is possible. And it is a possibility dreaded by the soldiers, in whose name it is often advanced. Such a termination of the War might be the victory of the Allied governments, but it would be the defeat of the Allied peoples. It would mean that the principle of military force was strengthened instead of discredited, and that the world had changed its tyrants, but not escaped from tyranny. It would, indeed, 'leave the work of the dead unfinished, and suffer their great sacrifice to have been made in vain.'

"Either a war is a crusade, or it is a crime: there is no half-way house." If this is true, then, I think, we must all recognize two things. The first is, that so far as President Wilson's peace aims are endorsed by the Allied peoples, their part in the war is once again lifted to the high level of a crusade. The second is, that from this level they must not allow it to be degraded. A compromise peace is now less possible than ever before. Men may compromise about selfish ambitions. But they cannot compromise about the right.

R. F. A. HOERNLÉ.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Majority of the Lumberjacks Are Not I. W. W.

SIR: Whoever is responsible for the article entitled *Spruce and the I. W. W.*, which appeared in your issue of February 23rd, shows himself to be quite ignorant and unacquainted with the conditions as they exist in the woods of the northwest.

Criticism is directed at the President's Mediation Commission for failure to bring about peace in the woods and maximum production therefrom. For their failure to perform this herculean task in a period of a few days, the writer says, "They failed in the lumber industry because the great majority of the lumberjacks belong to the I. W. W., and the Commission, being committed to the American Federation of Labor, were as firmly set against any business dealings with this 'outlaw' organization as conservative employers are obdurate against the recognition of 'legitimate' unions." This statement forms the base for his attack on the Commission.

I am a woodsman myself and I know the men that work in the woods. The great majority of the lumberjacks are not I. W. W.'s and never have been. In Oregon an I. W. W. is a rare sight and one that doesn't obstruct a lumberjack's vision very long if he can help it. In Washington they are more common, but even there their presence is limited to isolated cases and their red card affiliations are not of the advertised sort. So when the author of the article in question strikes at the Commission for its failure to deal with the I. W. W. as the lumberjack union, he strikes at a phantom. There are no more I. W. W. lumberjacks in

Washington and Oregon than there are in the American Federation of Labor.

When it came to the northwest, the Commission found the lumber industry, and especially spruce production, lagging far behind our wartime needs. From its very make up they looked for the trouble in the attitude labor and capital took toward each other. In turning to capital they found an organization to treat with. But when they turned to labor, there was no organization. The lumberjack had no affiliations whatever. And so the Commission was blocked. It could hear but one side of the story.

And so with great common sense, they left the whole question in the hands of Col. Brice P. Disque, commanding the Spruce Production Division of the Signal Corps. Col. Disque immediately organized the lumberjacks of Oregon and Washington into what is known as the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, an organization to speed up production of fir for ships and spruce and cedar for airplanes. If the I. W. W. had been the lumberjack's union no such step would have been possible. Today, on the second of March, all mills and logging camps of Washington and Oregon adopted the eight-hour day. The action came on the part of the operators after conferring with Col. Disque.

The romance of the woods is fast fading. The day when lumberjacks toiled and fought in the glory of their jobs has passed. But with the new era, the era of the eight-hour day, there will come a rebirth of that spirit and the production of ship and airplane timber shall cease to be a drag on the wheels of the war.

MACDONALD DENMAN.

Powers, Oregon.

Legislation Without the Non-Partisan League

SIR: In your issue of February 23rd, there appeared an article by Mr. John T. Frederick entitled *A Legislature That Works*. I am not desiring to discredit the work of the Non-Partisan League in securing recent seed grain legislation in North Dakota, but it seems only fair, in view of Mr. Frederick's very laudatory article, that attention should be called to Chapter 225, Session Laws 1911, South Dakota, "An Act Authorizing Counties to Issue Bonds or Warrants to Procure Seed Grain for Needy Farmers Resident Therein." Like the recent North Dakota act, this law "enables the counties where need exists to issue bonds and lend the proceeds to the farmers on their personal notes, payable at harvest time." Here, as in our sister state of North Dakota, "the amount allowed each farmer is decided by the county commissioners on the basis of affidavits as to the number of acres he will seed and the amount of seed and feed he has on hand." Indeed, the two statutes possess so many features in common as to suggest that the despatch with which the recent North Dakota legislature performed its labors and then adjourned may have been due in some measure to the fact that it had ready at hand an excellent model for its work.

Is it not too much to suggest, as Mr. Frederick does, that "relief of the seed and feed crisis of the present winter would have been unobtainable under the old political regime," when South Dakota had almost identical legislation before anyone ever heard of the Non-Partisan League.

ALVIN WAGGONER.

Philip, South Dakota.

At the Capitol

Senatorial Sabotage

IN spite of the fantastic imagination of Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the chief difficulty of the Signal Corps in building airplanes has been and continues to be a deficiency of spruce. Having failed to solve the spruce problem from the East, the Signal Corps sent to Oregon Colonel Disque, to take charge of operations on the spot. Under his management production has been greatly increased, and labor troubles have almost disappeared. He has put into effect the basic eight hour day, and by reasonable treatment has secured the cooperation of the logging workmen. He did this just as the United States Forest Service secured their cooperation last summer, while employers' associations were fomenting violence against the workmen because many of them belonged to the I. W. W.

In accordance with a recommendation from Colonel Disque, Senator Chamberlain introduced a bill to permit the President to requisition timber and timber supplies for war purposes. This is the next step in stimulating production, since the loggers must work as they go rather than in scattered localities, and many lots of timber are held by absent owners, who cannot be reached or persuaded to sell without loss of valuable time. In a telegram urging the passage of the bill, Colonel Disque said, "The patriotic action of employers and employees [notice the employees], as well as owners of the timber present in this section, had been beyond question." The issue was, therefore, simply whether the Senate would give the President commandeering power necessary for prosecution of the war. The labor problem was not in dispute.

On the day the German drive was hurled against the British army the bill came up in the Senate. Senator Jones of Washington, after accepting the general necessity for the bill, began to find fault with some of the minor provisions. Then he did a curious thing. Without introduction, reason or excuse, he began to talk about the I. W. W. He gave vague warnings about what they are likely to do this summer, and said, "The military power should be used, so far as it is possible to use it, in order to suppress this agency. . . . If there are spies here, we ought to catch them and we ought to try them promptly by court martial, and if found guilty we ought to mete out to them the punishment that has always been meted out to spies in time of war—they should be shot. If we do that, we will get rid of some of the spies anyhow, and the others will not do much at their nefarious work. The same drastic methods will have to be used with the Industrial Workers of the World."

This released an hour or two of eloquence from Senators Jones, McCumber, Williams, Kellogg, King and Frelinghuysen, denouncing and threatening the workmen of the Pacific Northwest. For that is what the Senator's words will mean to the men working under Colonel Disque when they read the speeches against the I. W. W., their only considerable organization. McCumber related with relish the following incident: "In a little town of only about four or five thousand, a year or two ago in my state, some 600 of them congregated. They were ordered to leave. They refused. They were arrested. They refused to work. There were so many of them that there were not jails enough to take care of them, but within two days there was an organization of farmers who came to town with their shotguns, and they gave orders for those people to leave—and they did not buy them any tickets either—and they

left. I have no doubt but that the people of the states of Oregon and California can deal with them in the same way. They got out, and they did not come back, and if they had come back there would have been a great many funerals in that part of the state."

Mr. Borah remarked that driving men from one locality to another does not solve anything. Mr. McCumber replied that the organization should be destroyed. Mr. Borah said: "You cannot destroy the organization. That is an intangible proposition. It is something you cannot get at. You cannot reach it. You do not know where it is. It is not in writing. It is not in anything else. It is a simple understanding between men, and they act upon it without any evidence of existence whatever." Mr. Borah concluded by arguing that the only possible method is to punish lawbreakers by orderly civil process.

But the rest were not satisfied. Some of them wanted to employ the army to round up and exterminate every member of the I. W. W., others believed the local populations should declare civil war upon them. Senator King, for instance, defended the Bisbee deportation, and objected to the report of the President's mediation commission in the following remarkable confession: "I have not seen the report, but I have seen references to it. If it is of the character represented, it is in my opinion too much of an apology for this criminal organization and expresses too great sympathy with its members."

Of course the Senators overlooked the fact that the army has been attending to the I. W. W. in the Northwest in the person of Colonel Disque, who had just reported that "the patriotic action of employers and employees . . . has been beyond question."

At length Mr. Kirby tried to make way against the flood and get down to business. "Mr. President, I am surprised that there has been so much discussion about this question this morning. It seems to me to be a very simple one. Much of the discussion has been interesting, but it seems to me altogether beside the question. What the government desired was authority to use certain timbers in a certain way. . . . The testimony before the Military Affairs Committee showed conclusively to me that there was a necessity for the exercise of this power, and the committee well-nigh unanimously reported this bill." But he did not succeed. The discussion went on to vague charges against the air service. At length the longed-for end came. A vote had not been reached. The presiding officer announced: "The hour of 2 o'clock having arrived, the Chair lays before the Senate the unfinished business, which is House bill 9054, the Agricultural appropriation bill." The commandeering measure had been drowned.

Powerful members of the Senate have a well known reluctance to interfere with private property. What though Hindenburg is knocking at the gate? What does it matter that we lack airplanes, that the army needs to commandeer spruce, and that the Military Affairs Committee favors the measure? It is easy to talk a bill to death, and it is easy to blame the I. W. W. for any resulting slowness in production. To attack a Senator for failure to do his duty may not occur to anyone, if the Senator at the same time attacks the I. W. W. Messrs. Jones, McCumber and King are not reluctant to encourage mob-law and civil war in the face of the enemy. It is, as they see it, more important to protect profits and agitate against the labor movement than to defeat the German Empire.

G. S.

After the Play

IF I were boss of the universe I should sentence Augustus Thomas to a rebirth. Whether he liked the process or not he would have to be born again and born different. With his various aptitudes for expressing himself on the stage I should not tamper, for I have looked upon them and seen that they are good. Nor should I turn him into a thinker or a provoker of thought, since it would be no part of my game to change him beyond recognition. He would have to keep enough of his identity to be still recognizable as Augustus Thomas. What I should change would be his sensory nerves, the channels along which the outside world sends him its messages.

Nothing in Mr. Thomas's psychological equipment is odder than the superiority of his shipping or playwrighting department to his perceptive or receiving department. Of this contrast he seems unaware. In private life he may for aught I know be the most modest of men, but as a playwright he appears to be sure of himself all over. It is only we, the spectators, who are not sure of him. We trust him absolutely to get his characters on and off the stage. Should he desire to work Abraham Lincoln rather hard in a last act we can trust Mr. Thomas to sound Lincoln's name with neither more nor less than the required frequency in acts before the last. And we do well to trust him. Whatever he has to say he can say in the theatre, effectively and rather simply, by the use of thrills and personal humor. But what he has to say is not new. Except in very minor details what he has observed of this strange world is not personal.

William James tells us that "the dog singles out of any situation its smells, and the horse its sounds, because they may reveal facts of practical moment, and are instinctively exciting to these several creatures." So a born playwright like Mr. Thomas has a sense which enables him to single out of phenomena that which he can use as a playwright. Take his new play, *The Copperhead*, which has been drawing large audiences to the Shubert Theatre, New York, for six or seven weeks. It tastes of patriotism, mother love, other love, innocence wrongfully suspected and finally cleared. Mr. Thomas pays just enough attention to these things to see how they can be made effective on the stage. Along his sensory nerves they send him familiar messages. From play to play his nominal subject may vary, but his sensory apparatus brings him no fresh report from the world. He has for example a rather manly and rather robust feeling about the love of the sexes. It is also an invariable feeling. He never looks at love with a fresh eye. He never makes discoveries about it. It does not excite in him any curiosity. He writes his plays as if he were unaware that love's only existence is in individual human beings, that it is slightly deformed by every man and woman who feels it, that it has varieties and idiosyncrasies innumerable. The astonishing uniqueness of every instance of love never attracts his attention. So with patriotism. Mr. Thomas is not kept awake at night by the singular fact that there are as many patriotisms as there are patriots. Although he knows that Dr. Johnson called patriotism the last refuge of a scoundrel, the knowledge he acts on and uses is that patriotism is also one of the first aids to a playwright.

Mr. Thomas is both sincerely patriotic and also patriotic without bunk. But he is patriotic without curiosity. If he went to a department store and ordered his feelings sent to the stage door he could not get anything more usual, less differentiated, more familiar than the feelings he puts

into his plays. And here, I think, we have Augustus Thomas's formula. He is an assembler of feelings which have long been the common property of everybody to whom patriotism is patriotism, to whom love is love and death is death and duty is duty. He is an assembler of standardized parts into plays that have his personal touch. He puts machine-made feelings into hand-made plays.

The Copperhead is a case in point. Its inner interest, by which I mean to exclude for the moment the interest we all feel in soldiers marching off to the front, in the death of a brave boy in battle, in suspected innocence, is in Milt Shanks's state of mind.

At the outbreak of our Civil War President Lincoln assigned Milt Shanks to duty as a spy. Milt was to pose as a Copperhead and to betray the real Copperheads to the government. He was to keep his secret from his wife and son, for the anguish which they would feel because of his conduct, and which they would be unable to keep wholly to themselves, would be the most effective part of his disguise.

Milt obeys the President's order unflinchingly. On three occasions he has a good chance to disobey its letter without disobeying its spirit. His sixteen-year-old son, heart-broken because his father is a Copperhead, enlists and goes to the front. By telling the truth about himself Milt could save himself and his son much spiritual agony, and his secret, with the boy miles away from the scene of Milt's spying operations, would not be greatly endangered. Milt is unjustly accused of murder and gets a life sentence. He has every reason to suppose that his career as a spy is over, and that he may now spare his wife unnecessary suffering by telling her the truth. Milt is pardoned out and ordered to resume work as a spy hundreds of miles from home. He and his wife have just learned that their son has been killed. Here is Milt's chance to make life somewhat more bearable to her by letting her know that their dead boy's father is not a traitor.

Milt takes none of these chances. Not one of them presents itself to him as a temptation. The idea of telling the truth does not occur to him. Had he a right thus to sacrifice his wife's happiness and his son's? Ought he to have obeyed the letter of President Lincoln's command with such unquestioning unintelligence? What kind of man is this who wrecks two human lives without ever stopping to inquire whether altered circumstances have not made further sacrifices unnecessary?

It is because Mr. Thomas holds such conduct up to our unqualified admiration that I think *The Copperhead* an immoral play. The moral life is not so simple as that. "You seem," says Myner to Loudon Dodd in *The Wrecker*, "you seem to think honesty is as easy as Blind Man's Buff: I don't. It's some difference of definition." It is also a difference in sensitiveness. If Mr. Thomas were more sensitive, if he felt more discriminatingly, he would not see Milton Shanks's conduct as nothing but a beautiful simple difficult example of patriotic fortitude. If Mr. Thomas were more curious he would look harder at such conduct, take it apart, show us its elements, its strands of nobleness and its strands of fatuous cruelty. He didn't look hard. After he had looked at it long enough to discover what he could do with it as a playwright he stopped looking at it.

Throughout the first half of the play Lionel Barrymore acts the part of Milt Shanks with picturesqueness, imagination and beauty. That he is tedious at the last is much less his fault than Mr. Thomas's.

Q. K.

Books and Things

IN imagination I stand, some fine morning of next June, upon a platform slightly raised, where teachers are sitting, and even a few trustees. Ingratiatingly I look down upon a roomful of school-children who actually wish to listen. I see fifty or sixty expectant faces, washed and upturned, visibly waiting for the words that are to set them free. Not in vain are they eager. The words come. In accents of unfeigned sincerity I begin my lecture upon rhetoric, or the art, as in my own youth we were incited to call it, of efficient communication by language.

Let us start, I tell my little hearers, with paragraphs. Years ago a revered teacher taught me that the first sentence of a well-made paragraph should discover a subject and that the last sentence should drive a conclusion home. For months I struggled to satisfy this idea of paragraph structure, without ever getting even so far as to learn with what material one should fill the space between these liminary sentences, the announcer and the summer-up. Many paragraphs by many masters did I pull to pieces, finding about ten that did not conform to this ideal pattern for every one that did. So I banished the ideal, renounced the teacher, forgot his advice until only the other day, when I read in the editor's prefatory note to *The Middle Years* that Henry James usually put off the markings of his paragraphs until the final revision of a book. Why should he have done otherwise? The paragraph was invented for the convenience of readers, as an *ex post facto* sign that one of the writer's impulses had spent itself, or was about to change cars. To most men dreams do not come in paragraphs, nor day-dreamt hallucinations, nor confessions of faith, nor declarations of love. If you keep consciously aiming to write paragraphs you risk contracting the habit of trying to see the world in paragraphs, a sad preventive of the better habit of trying to see. Paragraph structure, so I end this part of my lecture, isn't anything to worry about.

Transition, or the art of getting from this paragraph to that, is another thing that the writer must put clean out of his head. If he does not, if he remains a slave of transition, he will pester his reader with obtruded connectives, with at the same times, with on the other hands, with thens flanked by commas and academically sticking out. At its worst transition is a long way round from something you have been saying—to something you mean to say—through something better left unsaid. Poem, essay, chapter, argument—too much attention to transition will make any one of these resemble John Florian's dinners, at which the last mouthful of every course except coffee tasted a little like the first mouthful of the next.

About clearness, force and ease I make only two remarks, both striking. I invite my audience to inquire whether *The Faery Queen* would have been better, in any sense that any sane person could give the word, if Spenser had tried for force; whether by trying for ease Browning would have bettered Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came; whether *The Listeners* could have kept its charm if Mr. de la Mare had made it as clear as *What Does Little Birdie Say*. No writer, I add, nobody whom anybody would think of calling a writer, ever bothers his head about ease or force when he is performing that one of the many acts of composition which consists in putting words together into a sentence. Clearness is in a different category. But not even clearness need be the conscious concern of any one while he is writing. A writer almost never tells himself he must be clear. What he says to himself is "That isn't

what I mean"—"That's not what I'm after"—"I can't let it go like that." The impulse which he acts on when he rewrites an obscure sentence is very like the impulse which takes you out of your chair and across the room in order to straighten a picture that hangs crooked.

The act of composition, as some people still call it, is neither single nor distinct. It is all the acts of experiencing and remembering and inventing and translating into words. Learning to translate into words is the act of adding both unconsciously and also consciously to the number of things you can unconsciously do. It is like learning to play a game, except that no learner of any game has ever to be on his guard against excess of either conscious or unconscious imitation. But even in writing, if you have a voice of your own, your fear of imitating too closely is controlled by your certitude that you cannot imitate successfully, and that through imitation you become free. *Qui apicem gessisti, mors perfecit tua ut essent omnia brevia, honos fama virtusque, gloria atque ingenium.* Try to copy into English not the total effect of this inscription on a Roman tomb, but the effect of its m's and n's, the salience of its three ia's, its vowel sounds in their order, the funeral march of its clauses. By consciously trying to imitate you learn unconsciously to do, when the right matter and the right mood come together and join hands, something you would have written differently but for the imitative exercises you have forgotten.

Most of the too few painters I know talk easily enough, but when one of them is talking to another I notice how he often hesitates, not for a word but for a memory. His eye is waiting until it sees with the needed degree of distinctness the color or the form of the thing he is talking about. So a writer will often stop, hesitate, hang back until memory has brought his subject into the field of vision, where he will hold this subject until his remembering eye has seen what he was looking for, concretely, in its haecceity, and the words he was after come of themselves to his pen. They will not be the words that would have come if he had not made this effort to remember. To the good memory, the memory that can command things seen, heard, felt or understood, comes the phrase that nobody ever thought of before, in its fresh exactness.

Out of memory, by a hand whose sensitiveness experiment has refined, whose strength experiment has made stronger—such is the pedigree of much good writing. To say this, however, is to refer to those two only of the acts composing the act of composition in which self-improvement is a possible thing. A rich experience to remember, that power to remake remembered experience which we call invention, are at no one's command. They depend, I suppose, upon a writer's physiological equipment. But anybody may choose to write about what he remembers most sharply. Anybody may increase the faithfulness of his words to remembered things.

With these words of temperate hope I bring my lecture to a close. Its effect is not quite what I anticipated. No teacher threatens to assault me in reprisal for my derogatory remarks about clearness, force and ease. The children do not crowd about the platform saying things which lead me to exclaim, with a well-rehearsed involuntary air, "I am glad you asked me that question." Well, it doesn't matter. Better luck next time. And, anyway, I have made my train without having had to tell anybody that I stole my Latin inscription from Mr. Mackail's wise and beautiful introduction to his *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*.

P. L.

Harris's Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde, his life and confessions, by Frank Harris. With a chapter by Bernard Shaw. Two volumes. New York: Frank Harris, 29 Waverley Place. \$5.00.

A MAN'S disciples may not be his fault but they are clearly his worst misfortune. It does not matter who they are, if it flashed into their minds that they have a vested interest in a hero they arrive at once at a virulent determination to exclude all admirers except on their own terms. Whether Christ is the man they exalt, or Shakespeare or Nietzsche or Freud or Oscar Wilde, the first act of disciples is to become possessive, to take it on themselves to permit no freedom of mind in regard to their idol. This may begin as the natural snappishness of the vulnerable and insecure, it soon settles into a more confident ownership and it ends by the disciples insisting on making the idol in their own image. To break that image then becomes the first necessity of all real perception or worship. The preliminary of true faith is iconoclasm.

It is because this iconoclasm is so badly needed in the case of Oscar Wilde that one hesitates to open any new book about him. The philistines did so much to destroy him that the slightest attack on him seems brutal, yet his disciples have shamelessly availed themselves of his disgrace to make criticism of him seem the cousin of cowardice. It is easier to avoid the subject altogether, a less conspicuous cowardice, a more comfortable evasion.

That kind of evasion, however, is needless in the face of Frank Harris's volumes. He has written neither for the disciples nor for the philistines. He has taken the subject in his own way, bent on a fair-and-square presentation of a complete complex personality, neither omitting nor extenuating in the interest of friend or foe. The great danger in Mr. Harris's case was a chivalry compounded partly of anger on Wilde's account and partly of anger on his own—because Frank Harris's ardor against the philistines is not all disinterested, he has scores of his own to settle. But though the pangs of unrequited merit are never completely absent from Mr. Harris his story is fascinating and only a man of courage could have written it. No one can doubt that it keeps imperishable for human and literary history the chief figure of an English epoch. Not only that. In lavishing his vitality on a life of Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris has dramatized the England of that group and moment in which Wilde reached his consummation and met his doom. The doom of Wilde is seized by Mr. Harris as a theme of common humanity, pitiful humanity, and it is the great distinction of his work that he does not allow the pathological aspect of Wilde to estrange the reader.

With the skill of a fine novelist Mr. Harris sets about the difficult task of depicting the brilliant eminence from which Oscar Wilde was to be flung down. The fact that Wilde's appearance filled him with distaste ("there was something oily and fat about him that repelled me") makes Mr. Harris's capitulation to his charm all the more interesting. "There was an extraordinary physical vivacity and geniality in the man, an extraordinary charm in his gaiety, and lightning-quick intelligence." The worth of this personal radiance to Mr. Harris was so great that we are enabled to see Wilde through his eyes from the witty beginnings of 1884 up to the dazzling success of 1891. Mr. Harris notes that Wilde's early plays and poems were as unimportant as his lectures. He shows the weak and the meretricious side of Wilde during those

awkward years. But the man that attracted the attention of all London by 1891, winning admiration and discipleship as well as disapproval and malevolence, was a man whom Mr. Harris had completely accepted, and that acceptance was destined to survive the disclosures of the English criminal court and the ebbing of the fluid multitude which sways with the moon. It was in 1891 that Wilde met Lord Alfred Douglas. "Oscar was drawn by the lad's personal beauty, and enormously affected besides by Lord Alfred Douglas' name and position: he was a snob as only an English artist can be a snob." Douglas, 21 years old to Oscar's 36, adored Oscar as man and man of letters. The tragedy turned on their interplay of character. "Oscar was as yielding and amiable in character as the boy was self-willed, reckless, obstinate and imperious." Dominated by the youth, it was only three years before he quenched Wilde in squalor.

The truculence of Douglas's father, Queensberry, was notorious and Queensberry set out to separate Wilde from Alfred Douglas. The father found his match in the venomous son; but when Wilde, prompted by Douglas, carried the war into Queensberry's camp, the result was ruin. Frank Harris narrates in marvelous detail the efforts he himself made to dissuade Wilde from an unequal battle. He knew that Queensberry and fatherhood were bound to win. Wilde, paralyzed by actualities, could not obey his adviser. He allowed Douglas to urge him forward to fight Queensberry. The trials that sprang out of the original libel case were a blood sacrifice of Wilde to the graven images of England. His chance of "justice," as Mr. Harris shows, did not exist. He was doomed.

Wilde's imprisonment revealed to Mr. Harris some of the horrors of punitive justice, and his efforts in regard to his friend are as honorable to record as friendship can show. The drama subsequent to prison, however, exceeds the beginning in interest. For a time it looked as if Wilde had really come to simplicity and directness, but the forces against him were stronger than he was, and he slipped back to Lord Alfred Douglas and destruction. "I was born to sing the joy and pride of life," he pleaded to Mr. Harris, "the pleasure of living, the delight in everything beautiful in this most beautiful world, and they took me and tortured me till I learned pity and sorrow. Now I cannot sing the joy, heartily, because I know the suffering, and I was never made to sing of suffering." "It never seemed to occur to him," says Mr. Harris, mournfully, "that he could reach a faith which should include both self-indulgence and renunciation in a larger acceptance of life."

Mr. Harris's subject is somewhat stifling. "One can scarcely fail," to borrow a phrase of W. Trotter's, "on coming into it from the bracing atmosphere of the biological sciences, to be oppressed by the odor of humanity with which it is pervaded." Still, the story as a whole raises the theme far above disciples and philistines alike, sets it on a tragic height and calls for pity as well as horror. As between George Meredith and Frank Harris, one feels it was Meredith who acted superficially and even anti-socially when he refused to sign the petition for shortening Wilde's imprisonment. The choice unfortunately seemed to lie between supporting the authorities and palliating Wilde's offense. Meredith could not palliate the offense so he stood by the authorities. Imprisonment, however, could do little or nothing to meet the condition that horrified Meredith, and his horror kept him from seeing, as Harris saw, the brutality of the experience that Wilde was undergoing. Bernard Shaw

maintains that Wilde suffered from an obscure disease called giantism, a kind of watering of a man's physical stock. This sounds accurate, but the whole story indicates a deep-seated psychic derangement that was, to a great degree, beyond self-help. Without the most exhaustive and subtle treatment, in other words, there was no hope for Oscar Wilde. Once he fell in with Alfred Douglas he became a moral Humpty-Dumpty. A friend like Frank Harris could divine this, could go vastly beyond George Meredith in perceiving that imprisonment was wrong for him, but even Frank Harris was misled by his high indignation against the moralists, he did not grasp the foolishness of applying mustard plasters to a deeply deranged Oscar Wilde. His gallantry is a pronounced part of the story. His efforts to put backbone into Wilde, to make him fight, to make him redeem himself according to his own law, to make him work—these show Frank Harris's mettle, but they also show the futility of expecting right conduct from a man whose will is contaminated and whose spirit is snarled. What was the real cause of Wilde's weakness and viciousness? I believe that only modern science could have enabled him to discover it, could have done for him what his generous, brusque friend tried to do. No medicine man, of course, works miracles, but if a technic for the body makes all kinds of corrective work possible, a technic for the will is equally practicable, and without that technic Wilde's will could certainly not be reached. He became, as Shaw says, an unproductive drunkard and swindler, but his general lack of self-control was an old story. He drank hard soon after he left Oxford, and this was the early symptom of his poisoned will.

He was so intelligent and comedic, so suave and charming, that it is no wonder he went without interference until he was beyond help. Yet it seems to me clear that his work acquired an artificiality from that very conflict which he was carrying with so high a hand. Mr. Harris gives indisputable examples of the hardening of his insolence. Even before he hardened, however, he was manifestly striving to invert realities. In a philistine world this may seem the acme of sanity but it is very different from the sanity of Wilde's biographer. A true rebel puts the world in the wrong for the world's sake, not his own. Wilde, on the contrary, fabricated a different world in order that he might more easily be himself—that imposing and persuasive self which in the end tragically devoured him.

The admirable chapter which Bernard Shaw contributes to this book gives Mr. Harris's estimate of Wilde a complementary touch that was needed. "You are a man of dominant personality," Wilde told Mr. Harris in the best letter in the book, "your intellect is exigent, more so than that of any man I ever knew: Your demands on life are enormous: You require response, or you annihilate: the pleasure of being with you is in the clash of personality, the intellectual battle, the war of ideas. To survive you, one must have a strong brain, an assertive ego, a dynamic character. In your luncheon parties, in the old days, the remains of the guests were taken away with the debris of the feast." This is quite penetrating and fair. By virtue of it we have such extraordinary passages as the portrait of Queensberry. By virtue of it we also have violent reactions and sweeping judgments and such flights of taste as Wilde's private dissertations on his sexual ideal. It needed Bernard Shaw's cool sagacity to relieve this tone and to correct it. But the Harris portrait is indubitably fluent, colorful and sympathetic. Mr. Harris

is something of an egoistic showman, but he has insight, bravery and feeling. He falters at nothing to complete his impression, not even at stretching his pliant imagination; but the impression is a living one, and will endure side by side with Oscar Wilde.

F. H.

Instinctive Imperialism

America Among the Nations, by H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

THIS book is an appeal to Americans to think of their nation as a member of a great Anglo-Saxon fellowship. The author does not argue for an alliance between Great Britain and the United States, nor for a treaty of arbitration, nor for a formal representation of America in an Imperial Council, since he believes that all these arrangements would increase friction between the two peoples. What he demands is merely our recognition of the fact of an Anglo-American solidarity and the shaping of our foreign policy in relation to that fact.

Dr. Powers is a realist in international politics. He is no believer in national generosity or good intentions. "Nations reveal their character," he says, "by what they do rather than by what they say," and "all nations act from self-interest." But the self-interest he has in mind is not a conscious striving after economic advantage, but a semi-instinctive assertion of race. "History," he says, "is less a matter of voluntary choices and more a matter of cosmic forces than is usually assumed. The great decisions of nations have seemingly been unconscious. Men are free to choose among the alternatives which present themselves, but they have little power to determine what these alternatives shall be. Their choice, even within the limits allowed, have a significant uniformity."

For these reasons Dr. Powers does not "take too seriously the fascinating programme of making the world safe for democracy." Such phrases are very well in their way. They seek to unite a people and placate men with uneasy consciences. "When however the Peace Conference meets we shall hear very little of the sonorous slogans which heralded the war's beginnings, and much of the concrete problems for which these phrases suggest no very tangible solution."

It follows that all healthy nations are baldly imperialistic, and the United States, being healthy, is as imperialistic as any. According to Dr. Powers, we have always been aggressive. Our heredity and our training during the long frontier conflicts with French and Indians made of us a strong, stubborn and relentless people, with little sentimentality and less forbearance. All through our history we have pushed forward, taking what we wanted, whether we needed it or not, and closing our ears to all protests. We were "aggressive, overconfident, undisciplined and incautious," and our record, especially during the first half of the nineteenth century, was one of frank and consistent imperialism. Theoretically we believed in the right of self-determination by the people of the territory to be annexed, but in practice we gave no heed to this pious maxim. We declared that we should never, never acquire territory that was not contiguous, but when we had the chance and felt the necessity, we forgot our resolution. In due course we established a quasi-protectorate in Cuba and acquired Porto Rico, the Philippines, Guam and Tutuila. Subsequently we took the Canal Zone, and have since ex-

tended our jurisdiction to Nicaragua, Santo Domingo and Hayti, our control of the latter being on the approved model of British dominion in Egypt. And we have only begun. In one form or another we are to control all Caribbean countries, not entirely excluding Mexico, which can escape a protectorate only "by voluntarily assuming its essential limitations."

Here we have a picture of an instinctive American imperialism in a world in which all other great nations are imperialistic. Remember that, according to Dr. Powers, the form of government counts for little in foreign policy and that democracies are as imperialistic as autocracies. Thus, although Russia may at present forego aggression, she will be compelled in the course of a few decades to return to this policy. Japan must expand and nothing can stop her except our own expansion, while England, France and Germany will all push forward, by force of arms if necessary, and despite the danger of war. Where powerful and unconscious race instincts are involved considerations of caution and morality have little weight. "Imperialism is a permanent process." "Imperialism may learn to accomplish its purposes without war, but not to relinquish its purposes."

All of these premises lead Dr. Powers to the conclusion that we must enter into a partnership with England. We Americans are in the stream of the world, in the midst of the swirling perilous imperialistic current. We are too weak to act alone, for other nations are stronger and are likely to retain their superiority. Russia, says Dr. Powers, is destined to become much more powerful than the United States because she has a larger population, a higher birth rate and greater natural resources. Against a European coalition we should be helpless. We cannot gain security by a union with Latin America, for this would be merely an added liability, besides being incongruous and impossible. Nor can we save ourselves by appeals to sentiment, any more than the mouse can appeal to the generosity of the cat. We must find our way in this endless, ruthless struggle in which nations expand or shrink, grow or die, destroy or are destroyed. Only an Anglo-American collaboration can solve our problems and fulfill our purposes. Americans and Englishmen must stand together in this constant shifting of world forces that we call imperialism.

Needless to say, Dr. Powers has no interest in a league to enforce peace, which he considers a Teutonic conception, a mechanistic and impracticable method of attempting to solve problems of growth. There is no hope for an internationalism which runs counter to the omnipotent impulse of race assertion. Arbitration, mediation, disarmament, the self-determination of peoples are paper walls, which will be rent by the resistless expansion of virile races.

It is no valid objection to the author's theory that it is essentially the fashionable German conception of the biological struggle between rival nations, with the decision in favor of the big battalions and the big families. Its truth or falsity does not depend upon its provenance. To the reviewer, however, the formula seems too simple and too absolute. Dr. Powers speaks constantly of race instinct, race assertion, the biological necessity of expansion and growth. Nowhere, however, does he analyze the nature of this growth, but assumes, though he does not expressly state, that it is today as it has always been, a sheer lateral expansion, necessitating a physical occupation of new territories. It is easy, after the event, to ascribe all wars to race instinct, but as we review history the facts do not fit. Nations have fought for religion, for commerce, for economic gains of all sorts as well as for race supremacy.

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But Dr. Powers rather glides over the specifically economic conflicts between nations, and does not discuss the question to what extent these differences, being quantitative, are capable of adjustment and compromise.

Finally the author seems to lack the rigorous logic of the Germans, whose philosophy he accepts. His conclusions would naturally lead to perpetual war. Anglo-American imperialism, such as he foreshadows, would upon his own theory meet with the ferocious opposition of many powerful nations. The fear of German domination would give place to the fear of a firmer though more concealed Anglo-American domination, and we should again have a world dualism and new world conflicts. But the author hopes against his own logic for a composition with a Germany, which has undergone "the chastening of overwhelming defeat." Germany is to be admitted as a minor partner in the great Anglo-American fellowship, but only on terms which, on the author's argument, she could not accept. "If Germany is to play that part in the world which her rich racial endowment warrants, it must be in the territories now occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race. . . . They are enough for both."

The work contains a few errors and transgressions, seemingly the result of hasty composition. Thus Dr. Powers accepts the newspaper statement that Japan has acquired Macao, and he seems to place the war of the American Revolution in the reign of Louis XV. In his treatment of Anglo-American relations he drops the role of historian and becomes the advocate. All these, however, are minor blemishes. The book is thoughtful, interesting, unsentimental and stimulating.

WALTER E. WEYL.

I simply must make more money

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The following is from "The Boston Transcript" of March 20th

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The Neighborhood

A New Basis for Social Progress, by William Charles White and Louis Jay Heath. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

THE thesis of this essay, which has unfortunately been spun out into a book, is that "the whole community must be divided into smaller, independent units with duplications of equipment provided in order that each may be allowed the degree of autonomy which shall bring forth the best possible results" for each unit. The idea is, of course, not new despite the title of the book. The particular stress which the present writers place upon the value of a more locally responsive educational system than we now have is, however, useful. For twenty-five years, of course, the social settlements of our country have been preaching the importance of rehabilitating the neighborhood life and organization of our over-grown and unwieldy cities. And through people like Jane Addams, Robert A. Woods, Lillian Wald and Mary K. Simkovich they have called public attention to the usefulness and regenerative value of their emphasis upon local neighborhood functioning in municipal affairs. Indeed in a neglected essay on the Neighborhood in Social Reconstruction, Mr. Woods has already put the whole case cogently. He says:

"One of the most striking aspects of the presence of mental dark spots with regard to the neighborhood as the least common multiple, from the point of view of the home, and the greatest common divisor, from the point of view of the state, is the almost total lack of the compilation and publication of statistical information about it. Considering the vast effort and expense involved in the collection of statistics covering births, mortality, disease, defectiveness, crime, sanitation, housing, industries, occupation, incomes, nationality, etc., it is really a tragic form of negligence that such facts are not everywhere compiled and graphically set forth so as to point the finger of fate at actual conditions from block to block. As the constructive neighborhood sense grows, it will certainly insist that such precise specifications be laid before it, with the result that the collective power of neighborhoods will be greatly stimulated and developed."

Given this paragraph, there remains little for our authors to discuss in the realm of theory, but their suggestions concerning the particular problems of Pittsburgh are valuable. All efforts to make concrete and vivid the special applications of the neighborhood idea to a special problem are encouraging. One can only wish that authors who set out to discuss a "basis for social progress" would give less evidence of loyalty to biological and rather mechanistic analogies and phrases, and show a keener sense for the psychological facts of human nature and the reciprocal sociological facts of the commune and neighborhood.

Contributors

to this issue

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